The New-York Saturday Press.

VOL. III.—NO. 8. NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 25, 1860. PRICE, $2.00 A YEAR.

The N. Y. Saturday Press,

A JOURNAL OF THE TIMES,

IS PUBLISHED

Every Saturday Morning,

At 9 Spruce Street, New York.

TERMS.—Two dollars a year. Five Cents a single copy. SPECIMEN COPIES will be sent to any part of the Union on the receipt of five cents in postage stamps.

HENRY CLAPP, Jr., ROBERT W. PEARSALL, } Proprietors.

BRANCH OFFICE of the NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS at ROOT & BRADSTREET, No. 827 Broadway, where Subscriptions, Communications, Advertisements, etc., will be received.

For The Saturday Press.

QUIMPORTE?

I.

I used to laugh at Love! Indeed I have
Laughed more or less at all things; for you see
Without a foe 'tis easy to be brave,
And Love had never proved a foe to me.
I'd met him sometimes, and the pats he gave,
Though true 'love pats,' of course, yet seemed to be
All of a mild, admonitory kind,
That pleased, and never left a bruise behind.

II.

But he takes many forms: and once it chanced
I met 'that dangerous thing' a young coquette!
Who straightway into my affections danced,
Performing there a curious pirouette.
I speak in metaphor which has enhanced
Many a barren subject, and will yet.
But to discuss the mode let's make no pause,—
For howsoe'er she got there, there she was.

III.

I'd heard of her before, and I had sneered
Most prematurely. Love, they say, is blind;
And certainly I can't tell what endeared
That creature, who had neither heart nor mind,
Nor morals, as it finally appeared,—
But beauty only: still, as we may find
In Shakespeare, Heaven and Earth have things which your
Philosophy don't dream of: that is sure!

IV.

If only those of us are counted wise
Whose barren hearts have hardened into stone,
What solemn vagaries from Love arise,
What awful follies in its light are shown!
Alas! this 'pleading for a pair of eyes'
This longing after so much flesh and bone
And blood, and so forth—not to mention heart,
Which is a most misrepresented part.

V.

Lovers are fools, perhaps, but fools are not
Such very rare embodiments withal;
For a grand passion falls to every lot,
And still the sternest Pride must have its fall.
Destruction is the word; but I have got
My rhymes to answer,—and they sometimes call
For alterations even in Holy Writ;
So pardon me that thus I alter it.

VI.

Well, I was then in love, and hastening on
To my destruction; and of course I grew—
In good old Werter fashion—pale and wan,
And all the world looked black while I looked blue;
Which, when a man has put his heart in pawn,
'Tis only natural that he should do—
Especially, as was the case with me,
When he has got such poor security.

VII.

I do remember me of many a night,
While yet my lips were warm with her soft kiss,
When I have lain awake in sweet delight,
And wept to think of her and all my bliss.
But somehow tears do not improve the sight,
And so I did but little good by this;
She had no knowledge of my secret tears,
And I had no suspicion of her sneers.

VIII.

I used to pray then: yes, I used to pray,
(A way our hearts have, when they're young and pure),
And, in that innocent and childish way,
I trusted all to her and felt secure;
And so I came to learn what now I say,
That nothing in this world is very sure,
Except—and that, believe me, will not grieve it
A great while—one is very sure to leave it.

IX.

And I was happy. Yes—I told her so;
And to that same effect did she reply.
Her tones, of course, were very soft and low,
As suited to the circumstances. I
Believed her then, because I did not know
That such sweet lips as hers could ever lie.
Nor, though my years were then about eighteen,
Did I regard myself as very green.

X.

Her head lay on my bosom, and her breast—
That sacred organ—throbbed with many sighs,
Her rosy lips refused not to be pressed,
And tender joy shone in her half-closed eyes.
We *did* enjoy that moment. For the rest,
I've come to know that sneers are counted wise:
For Jove, in rather an unfeeling way,
Laughs at that sort of perjury, they say!

XI.

So now no more of Love! This world is wide,
With—to speak mildly—several people in it.
'Tis a good thing, no doubt, to have a bride:
'Tis also a good thing to be a linnet,—
Singing of everything the funny side,
And making molten gold of every minute,
As I am, laughing gaily every day
At all that is, and all that's passed away!

WILLIAM WISTER.

For The Saturday Press.

THE GLOVE-KISS.

Belle kissed me? Did she kiss me?
Ah, no! I slumbered still!
Rests there a sleeping shadow where
The sun-rays kiss the hill?

Belle kissed me? Did she kiss me?
Ah, no! My brow ne'er flushed!
Pales still the longing fruit o'er which
The Summer noon hath gushed?

Sly Belle! Thou didst not kiss me!
Else would this heart of mine
Thrill yet, as when the sensuous lip
Is moist with royal wine!

So, thus, coy Belle, *I* kiss *thee*;
And still the gloves are thine!
'More blest to give than to receive'—
The precept is divine!

CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

Philadelphia.

UNCLE ZEB.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS,

BY

MRS. R. H. STODDARD.

Uncle Zeb's monument is under my window in the yard, its top in a rosebush, and its base on a bed of pinks. The stone cutter brought it on a truck, and with an air of irreverence launched it into its present position. Uncle Zeb ordered the monument the day after he made his will, and left the duty of paying for it to his executors, although he lived long enough afterward to pay for a dozen of the most elaborate workmanship. This monument is a deceptive affair, like most tombstones; a wreath of heart's ease is carved round an open book on the square of the pedestal, and a column runs up from it, ornamented with the long stems and flowers of the white water-lily. As I hang over the window-ledge, my recollections of Uncle Zeb assume the shape of imps which grin at me through the meshes of the lily-stems, and they slide their elfish fingers over the stony leaves of the book, as if they were writing the true story of a life that I alone can read.

My first remembrance of Uncle Zeb dates from an early period of childhood. One day, while I was at my Grandfather's, I heard a bustle in the front entry, and a noise like that of the dropping of trunks. Old Lizzy Bowles, an ancient hanger-on of the establishment, told me that my Uncle Zeb had "come in from a voyage," and that I must go into the East room and shake hands with him. I went into the room quietly, and looked out of the window first, where I saw Uncle Zeb's ship, the *Dryad*, swinging at anchor, a mile down the harbor. I then turned and looked at Uncle Zeb, who was toasting himself by a roaring fire which burned in a Franklin-stove. He was in that condition of roasted helplessness, which a wood fire always engenders in one on a wet, damp day. He strove to mitigate the smart of his shins by continually changing one leg over the other, and he held his baked hands between his crimson face and the fire. He looked at me from behind them a moment, and then reached up to the mantle, and took from it a present which he brought from Liverpool. It was a red and white cow and calf of earthenware, the like of which had never been seen by any juvenile in our primeval village. As he gave it to me, he called me a trollop, and said I looked like my mother. Grandmother, who was knitting a blue stocking in a corner remote from the fire, said, "Sho, Zeb!"

This was my first interview with my relative, and my last present. I retired to the kitchen, and to old Lizzy, who told me about the cargo of crockery which she said Uncle Zeb was going to sell in New York, and make a fortune by.

Uncle Zeb was then about thirty; he had made several voyages previous to the one I spoke of, and was already well to do. My father was some years younger, and at the beginning of Uncle Zeb's sea-life, was a stripling, lounging about home in a round jacket. It sometimes happens in a well-regulated family, that one of its members is overlooked; he is never especially noticed by the rest, and he is not thought of.

My father happened to be the ignored one in his family, and to that fact I ascribe the difference between him and his relations. His idiosyncracy got no twist from their sympathy. But my father was in love; boy as he was, he thought of marriage, and the way to live afterward. The girl he loved was a poor tailoress; in fact, she made his homespun jackets. She was older than her lover, and had made his jackets with equanimity, while he wore them in a tempestuous state of mind. Grandmother was the Squire's wife; she felt above the poor tailoress. An impartial mind would perhaps have found it difficult to establish the lines of superiority, for Grandmother herself sold milk from her kitchen every day, and did not disdain to keep the milk-score with chalk on her yellow buttery door. The tailoress was very handsome, and very resolute. She would wear feathers in her bonnet; and every Sunday she went to church dressed in better taste than anybody beside, the handsomest Presbyterian of them all. Most of all, Grandmother disliked her because my father loved her. And Uncle Zeb had a weakness in that direction; but it was obscured by selfishness, and died out in moral laxiness.

Uncle Zeb went his voyages, and my father, who did not know what else to do, went to sea also; not having any help from Grandfather, he was obliged, of course, to ship before the mast, and went under the command of Captain Southerd, a neighboring farmer, who planted turnips, and carted wood and hay to market, in the intervals between his voyages. Nearly all the inhabitants of our little town were amphibious. The boys took to the water like spaniels; their first toys were punts, and skiffs, and rafts. The men, when they were not sailors, were ship-carpenters. The landowners put their savings into small vessels, which coasted from Maine to Florida, and even went on six months' trips into the Atlantic for whales.

Uncle Zeb and his brother did not meet often. When one was at home the other was generally away. Uncle Zeb bought up the *Dryad*, piece by piece, and went in her to all the trading ports in the world, from St. Petersburg to Calcutta. The merchants from whom he purchased his cargoes, or to whom they were consigned, invited him to their houses, and in this way he picked up bits of eccentricity, which he grafted upon his ordinary manners, and made a very strange compound of himself. At home he travestied foreign ways, and introduced unheard of fashions in Grandfather's house. He swore beautifully in all languages; but his native damns never left him, any more than his appetite forsook him for salt junk and grog, after he had learned to like what he called foreign kickshaws.

Father plodded along on small wages, and had a remote hope of reaching the cabin. When ashore, he lounged in his round jacket, and kept on loving my mother, who waited in patience for a turn in the long lane of their courtship. She snubbed Uncle Zeb whenever she had a chance, and always inquired about Father, of him, by the name of Esau. Grandfather, as well as Uncle Zeb, grew comfortably rich. His investments in sloops and schooners were fortunate ones, and he talked of buying a ship to fit out for a whaler. Feeling the need of a helper, for the first time in his life he turned his attention toward his youngest son, who was then at home, waiting for Captain Southerd to harvest his turnips. A proposal of partnership was made to father, which he accepted; and thus his sea life ended. He was married at once, and he and Mother took to housekeeping with one feather-bed, six small silver spoons, and a hearty affection for each other. Father applied himself to business, and the house that was thus founded became in a few years one of the richest and most influential in our part of the country. Grandfather very soon saw that it would only be necessary for him to take his share of the profits, and that he could safely give up all business matters to his partner.

In a year from the date of their marriage I was born, and at the time of Uncle Zeb's arrival from Liverpool with my cow and calf, I was five years old. That voyage was the last one that Uncle Zeb made. Finding us prosperous, he concluded to retire from business. He invested his money outside of the family-interest, but considerately took up his abode with Grandfather, and indulged Grandmother with the care of him. He occupied himself with watching the domestic and business transactions of the house of A. G. & Son, and banking his money as fast as it came in.

For a few years I cannot remember much concerning Uncle Zeb; the traits I recall belong to my present knowledge of him. When I went to school, it was one of my recreations to go to Grandfather's to dinner at mid-day, and one of my miseries to sit next to Uncle Zeb at the table. His dog, "Die," squatted on the other side of him. We had to wait till Uncle Zeb was carefully helped, by himself, to all the best bits on the table. Then he would give Die a titbit, making her snap her jaws for it, and then one to me. A snarling was kept up between him and the dog through the whole meal.

He would not have the potatoes on the table, they must be kept hot on the kitchen fire; so Grandmother sat, fork in hand, watching him; when he wanted one she fished it from the kettle, and he ate it scalding hot, with noise. Grandmother occupied a child's high chair, and wore a black satin hood over her high-crowned cap. She never dined or supped till after Uncle Zeb; and I had the best of times after he and Die had retired from the table. Grandmother took excellent care of her graceless son. He wore ruffled cambric shirts; and many an afternoon when the sun's rays slanted through the narrow kitchen windows, and made her resemble, in her shining spectacles, an owl, have I seen her laboriously plait his ruffles with a case-knife. On Sundays she combed his hair; it was fine and straight, and of the color of wet sand. It was unchanged to the day of his death. On Sunday afternoon he went to church in a great camlet cloak, and carried a cane with leather tassels. He listened to the sermon with an air of respect, and broke Grandmother's heart with deriding it after he got home.

Now and then he had a visitor, some piratical looking captain, or foreign merchant; the visitor was never introduced to any of the household, but was entertained in the parlor with tumblers of red wine and equivocal stories. As he never minded whether I came or went, I sometimes had the benefit of the latter. His laughter always arrested me; it contradicted him, it was so racy and hearty. His teeth glittered in his sardonic face, and lighted it up; they were long, white, and regular, and like his hair they never changed.

Two visits per diem were Uncle Zeb's allowance for our house. The first was made an hour or so after dinner, when he loitered in the kitchen, and tickled the servant girls, or poked them with his cane. Afterward, with his hat in his hand, he sought mother, and however long his stay, he held his cane and hat as if on a visit of ceremony. He talked well; he was sarcastic and witty, and never bored anybody. The second visit was made after supper, when father was at home. There was no confidence between the brothers, and no sympathy; but they passed cigars to each other, and enveloped themselves in clouds of smoke, and discussed politics.

As soon as I was fledged, I was sent to boarding-school. My vacations were short, and I did not observe what went on at home; things seemed to run smoothly in the grooves of habit. I accepted appearances for realities. The business of A. G. & Son had greatly increased. All the year through, their ships were arriving in port, or were fitting for sea. Our household was a gay one, and Grandfather's house was full of comers and goers. He knew little of the private affairs of the concern, but smoked his pipe, and burnt holes with its falling ashes in his fine blue pantaloons, in peace and tranquillity. Uncle Zeb had given up ruffled shirts, and had taken to Marryatt's novels. He neither bought nor sold; he never gave advice, or asked an opinion. He had a habit of going to funerals, but he went in a cheerful state of mind, as if the deceased had done him a favor by dying. He was respected as a moneyed man. The world admires what it dare not be a consistent, selfish skeptic; and our little world gave its admiration to my hard-headed Uncle Zeb. He was cautious, because he was cold,—prudent, because he was indifferent. As a token of the respect of his townsmen, he was elected Representative, and had a seat in the State House for several years. He brought home a great many volumes of Revised Statutes, which Grandmother stored in the garret, with the dried herbs What he did as a member of the honorable body of Representatives nobody knew. He only spoke of the toughness of the pie-crust, and the hardness of his bed at his boarding-house.

When I was eighteen I left school and came home for good. I was the only young woman in the family connexion, and was considered worthy of much attention. Uncle Zeb, however, did not like me. He had his way of exasperating me. He always talked as if he knew that I must know that virtue was only a pretence. It was a game we were all playing. It was becoming in a woman to affect modesty; it was her capital. He gave me credit for shrewdness, and he had no doubt but that I should play my cards admirably. If I grew enraged at him, he laughed at me; but sometimes I made his cold blue eyes gleam with anger by telling him one or two unpleasant truths. His manner was usually deferential to women; but his ribaldry would break out now and then, and I have known him to be as coarse as Rabelais in a room full of ladies. It was done with an air, as if he were obliging us with his candid wit.

It was not long after my return from school when I perceived that something weighed on father's mind. When I accompanied him on his many drives from one business-place to another, I saw the mask of cheerfulness drop from his face; he was absent-minded and silent. One day when we were alone, I begged him to tell me what troubled him, and then he owned to me that his business affairs were vexing him; that things had been going behindhand for a year; but I must say nothing of this, for he had hopes of being able to overcome his difficulties. Independent of his business perplexities, the keeping it secret was a trouble; he dared not retrench any expense, and he feared the effect of the truth on Grandfather, who was becoming childish. We went on this way for two years; plan after plan of salvation failed; but father's energy and good temper never left him. One day I thought of Uncle Zeb. "Why wont he," I said to myself, "put some of his thousands to the wheel?" I determined to tell him the state of affairs: I did not expect much from his generosity, but something from his pride; and thought, too, that his shrewdness might enable him to make something eventually out of any loan he might offer. So I sought him, and found him lying on the floor in the East Room asleep. I roused him, and did not wait for him to open his eyes before I began my tale. When I had finished, he eyed me for a moment, and said:

"So, you'll have to come down. Your devil's pride will be broken."

I stared mutely at him, but inwardly called myself a fool.

"I'll see," he said, "about buying up the family acres when the crash comes; but as for piling my money on the ruins of your father's speculations—that I wont do. Go home; if your father knew this he would pull your ears, though he is idiot enough not to do it."

I rose from my chair, looking, no doubt, just as I felt, for he laughed, and said, "Kick me if you like."

I went home thoroughly miserable, and did not report my interview, while Uncle Zeb on his part was silent also; but I did much mischief that day, and Uncle Zeb did a good stroke of business out of the capital which I had furnished him.

About this time Grandmother was persuaded to take an assistant—one who should unite in herself the qualities of companion and housekeeper. As there exists such a race of females, one was easily found. She was a remote cousin (this race is apt to be distantly related), and lived forty miles away, in Grandmother's native place. Her name was Nancy Goring, her age thirty-five. She was poor, intelligent, proud, and adroit. She had pretty, delicate hands, a large nose, and wore her hair parted at the side of her head. Her wardrobe was neat, but scanty; and Grandmother, who believed in making people happy as far as good clothes and food went, bought material for dresses and petticoats, and the companion's first duty was to make them up. After the dresses were made, she was allowed to knit and to sweep a little; but Grandmother's pride was still too great to allow herself to be supplanted in housekeeping.

Uncle Zeb proposed the position of hair-comber to Nancy, as Grandmother's eyesight was failing, and whenever she combed his hair now she fell asleep, and made an irregular thing of it. Nancy accepted; and from that time she began to pay him all sorts of delicate attentions, from cutting his finger-nails and tying his cravat, to mixing his grog and looking over his accounts. Uncle Zeb understood Nancy's devotion to him; but Nancy was very uncertain as to the nature of his feelings for her. She was desperately bent on turning Uncle Zeb from the errors of a bachelor, into the merits of a husband. She watched him, and followed him, and grovelled about him; but all in vain. Uncle Zeb never gave way. One day Grandmother's eyes were opened. She found Nancy, with a red silk handkerchief of Uncle Zeb's in her hand, which she had rolled into a tight ball, incarcerating its owner hysterically.

The next day Nancy returned to her native place.

Our evil days drew near. A ship,—the one father depended on as his last hope,—made a broken voyage, and he was obliged to succumb. The house of A. G. & Son failed. A few days before the public announcement of the failure, he told it to his family. Then Uncle Zeb played his part. He behaved as if he had received an insult from father; he glowered with rage, and cursed him for his duplicity and foolishness. How dared he disgrace the name with failure and poverty? Had he given up all his property to his creditors? He, himself, had taken what measures he could to save some little from the wreck; and then it came out that he had obtained from Grandfather every cent of his private property: deeds had been signed by Grandfather in Uncle Zeb's favor, merely, as Uncle Zeb had told him, to make him safe if ever a rainy day came along. He had not made any nice distinctions between personal and clawed into his possession all he could, and left the reputation of it to rest on father, if possible, if the creditors should discover it, and make allowance for it in the settlement.

The failure came out, and our house was besieged from morning till night by creditors. They were the more angry for its being unexpected. They not only wanted their money, but an explanation. Father had his office closed, and staid at home to receive them. The parlor was full of Ledgers, and councils were held over them, during which his character and conduct were discussed as if he had not been present. Not being a creditor, Uncle Zeb was denied the pleasure of being a member of the council; but he came and went a dozen times a day, without speaking to one of us. He went about the shipyards poking the timber with his cane, as if he would like to hurt it, and I saw him on the wharf studying the spars of the vessels. He was taking much more exercise than he had been accustomed to, and it evidently did not agree with him.

His ownership in certain properties was denied by the creditors; but they could not prove that the large homestead which had been Grandfather's belonged to the firm; so it passed into Uncle Zeb's keeping. But the creditors increased the percentage of what father was to pay on his debts, in consequence.

So we were ruined. Father made some arrangement by which his parents were not disturbed in their way of living; but mother, and the rest of us, gave up our purple and fine linen. Although Uncle Zeb lived in his own house now, the expenses of living were not defrayed by him, but by A. G. & Son. But if he did not complain, who should? He felt contempt for father; at the same time, I believe he had some admiration for his dignity and patience. Uncle Zeb was too clear-minded not to understand himself. He began to hate himself, and this self-hatred made him reckless; from this time he gave rein to his evil nature, and his pace was awful.

The next year Grandfather died, and was buried with his fathers, who slept under the mossy slate-stones of the Puritan times. Meanwhile father had prospered; he had paid within a twelvemonth the demands of his creditors, and had something left to begin the world again.

Another female cousin had come to reside with Grandmother, who domed perpetually, or bemoaned Grandfather piteously. The cousin's name was Sally Packer, a middle-aged woman, who lived on patent medicine, took snuff, and believed in signs. She was wonderfully ignorant, but full of that low cunning which serves such people instead of knowledge. She had a faculty for mending broadcloth, and she was always at Uncle Zeb's clothes. Her waxed thread was whizzing through them from morning till night. She did not profess to know much, she said, but she would like to see the woman who understood tailoring better. She called Uncle Zeb a "superior being," and talked to him about property;—her respect for money was immense. Her manner toward him was full of humility, and if he came near her, she made a feint of retreating, at the same time casting her small eyes upward with an adoring expression. She meekly offered her snuff-box to him whenever she took a pinch, and after a little he fell into the habit of snuffing with her. He employed a portion of his time in experimenting with alcohol. Cloudy tumblers stood on the shelves with curious mixtures in them,—a sediment of rhubarb overlaid with brandy, or gin and senna, or pounded Brandreth's pills in Jamaica rum. He had a theory that if physic was taken with a dram it could have no deleterious effect. Night and day he drank his compounds. He set his bed on fire; he fell on the dining-table and crushed the dishes; he rolled off his horse with his feet in the stirup; he laid in the street. But Sally Packer was his providence; she kept harm away from him. She dragged him to bed; she washed him; she dressed him, and she fed him;—and he cursed her.

The consequence of his theories was, that one morning he woke up with a paralysis, and father was obliged to take charge of him. Tenderly and mercifully he cared for him, for he was speechless and helpless. Sally Packer hustled him about as if he were a baby? How he wanted to rail at her! His eyes glared and burned with rage, whenever he saw Father come into his room. One night his watcher was startled from a nap, by the sight of Uncle Zeb in the middle of the floor.

"My cursed tongue is loose," he said, "and I can walk. Get out of the way!"

He wrapped the counterpane round his gaunt form, and tottered down-stairs into the street. He leaned against the fence and looked up to the sky, and chafed his feeble hands, and then crept back to bed; but from that night he was better, and soon became well.

Grandmother soon followed Grandfather, and slept near him in the same narrow bed. Sally Packer asked leave to remain long enough after the funeral to put the house in order. It was granted, and it took her years to do it—in fact, the house was never in order afterward; and so she staid. She convinced Uncle Zeb that no one could take care of him better than she could. She told him that the selfish world might say she expected to be remembered in his will; but it was not so. She had a good home of her own in Swampscot; a house, which, although it was not plastered, did not leak a drop, and there was as good a well of water close to it as ever was. She was willing to stay just to keep him from being imposed on, although she didn't know but that his relations were as honest as anybody's relations.

No one imposed upon either Uncle Zeb or Sally. The Lares and Penates of the ancient household were broken; its former friends deserted it. It did not agree with Sally Packer's principles to have company; her moral constitution was averse to anything like hospitality. Uncle Zeb was indifferent whether anybody came or went. So Sally kept her ground, and had her own way. Uncle Zeb cursed and ridiculed her every day of her life. She cajoled, and wrangled, and worried, and petted him. Now she complained of being worn out with hard work, and now, that it was a place her betters would be glad to be in.

Both were to be found, usually, in the kitchen of the old mansion, a low-ceiled, dingy room, with a great brick hearth, on which Sally had ranged for convenience a row of pots and kettles. A fire burned, Summer and Winter, on the great iron dogs. Sally's chair was in one corner of the hearth, where she could poke the fire, or stir the contents of the pots and kettles; her snuff-box, and comb, and an almanac, were on the shelf above the fire. Her hair was thick and gray, and she was fond of combing it when she had a leisure moment. She wore short dresses of black bombazine, which never required washing, and went bare-legged; her shoes were made of coarse carpet, on account of her corns. Uncle Zeb generally reclined on a wooden settee under the window; an old woollen cloak, rolled up, served him for a pillow. At the foot of the settee, whenever Uncle Zeb reposed on it, lay an ugly dog, which was Sally's property, by name "Spot." Picked bones, the remains of Spot's feasts, were strewed under the table, and under the settee. Spot had a habit of howling in his sleep, and Uncle Zeb had a habit of kicking him for it. As he declined [illegible] his hat when he laid down, his nails, and beard, and clothes, was deplorable. Under Grandmother's death he resumed the habit of dram-drinking, minus the drugs, in the full expectation of killing himself. He began then to fling his money into wild schemes; he would amuse himself with using up as much as he could of his property, he said, before he was summoned to move off for good. He had some trouble, for he would not give it away; so he built and rebuilt inconvenient houses, and drained barren fields, and planted in the sand, and blasted rocks, and made roads that led to nowhere.

Everybody now knew Uncle Zeb's character, and he and Sally were the curiosity and aversion of the neighborhood. The old house grew darker and more dismal every day. He was continually cutting doors and passages through the walls; he seemed to have an idea that they would enable him to elude some enemy that might come upon him. Sally had all the carpets taken up and put away, and all the beds stripped. She slept on a stuffed bench outside Uncle Zeb's door. All the furniture was piled away; the looking-glasses were covered, and the shutters of every room were fastened. All she wanted for daily use was congregated in the kitchen, and there she staid as if she were waiting for some event to happen.

Once in a while I lifted the latch of the porch door. Sometimes the inmates noticed me, and sometimes not. Now and then Uncle Zeb would sit up in his crumpled hat, and revive with me his recollections of his voyages, and tell me many a piquant and picturesque anecdote. Sally would also forget herself a moment, and listen with admiring "Laws, Capen Zeb." But oftener I was the silent witness of angry disputes, when she stunned me with her foolishness, and he pained me with his profanity. His common salutation to her was, "You lying jade," whereat she whimpered, or scolded, according to the mood of the moment.

Father remonstrated with him once, but Uncle Zeb drove him away. He made his will soon afterward, and ordered the monument of which I have spoken; but his constitution was an iron one, and it bore much before he had a second stroke of paralysis. When he did, his case was at once hopeless, and father again took the post of an only friend. Sally was at her wit's end. She threw the medicine out of the window, and whispered about poison. She shook Uncle Zeb to make him speak. She talked and cried over him, till father was obliged to turn her from the room.

The night he died father staid by his bedside. About one o'clock Uncle Zeb turned over, the first time he had moved since the stroke. His fingers trembled toward father's. The first kindly look he ever gave his brother, beamed in his wild eyes then. Faint broken words struggled on his lips; but it was too late for speech—"Your wife, Mary," was all he said,—so he went out of this world, an unhappy mutilated spirit.

The homestead revertel to father; but it stands empty. The doors and passages which Uncle Zeb cut are open; and the beds that Sally stripped, still stand bare. No one has been there since the day of the funeral.

VICTORIA; or, the World Overcome. By Caroline Chesebro'. Derby & Jackson.

It is natural that the scene of this book should be laid in New England—a land which presented itself to the imagination of its first settlers as one that would be given up wholly to the Lord, and where what they termed religion, would be the rule of every man's conduct, and the government of the commonwealth. Of course the experiment failed. "Naturam expellas furca tamen usque recurret." Nature is stronger than man, though the world has not yet found it out as fully as it is destined to.

"I pray you not to take them out of the world, but to keep them from the evil." This is the prayer of wisdom.

Not isolation but society is man's fitting position. A freedom in society that the world has never yet known. A happy and glorious communion that it has as yet but dreamed of. The communion of men made in God's image. Men to whom what is now hidden, shall then be revealed.

Miss Chesebro' and Mr. Judd, in that strange book "Margaret," have both attempted to portray a womanly character developed in entire isolation from the world's conventions,—a sort of female Casper Hauser, exchanging, however, the four walls of the prison for a wide range of nature. It is as impossible to say whether they have succeeded as to judge of the feasibility of the various Utopias that have been written.

Such a character is an impossibility. The perfect man or woman cannot grow up in solitude. Nor does the ignorance that comes from isolation imply purity and innocence in their highest manifestations. Innocence is the child of knowledge, not of ignorance. Purity is gained by action, not by stagnation. It was perhaps well enough for contracted paganism, seeking to obscure rather than discover truth, to glorify the Virgin, making her the priestess to the temple, and making her virginity the test of her innocence and sanctity. With us, under our dispensation, with the promise of freedom through the truth, the type of purity and innocence is the mother.

The flesh is as divine as the spirit. The breath of life that makes man a living soul enters equally into all our members, and only by the free exercise of every faculty is the perfect man developed as the crowning glory of creation.

We pray to be delivered from "the world, the flesh, and the devil." The first two are of divine creation, and it is only he who denies their divinity and tries to shut himself out from their influences that finds the third, the work of his own invention, created in his soul. The results of asceticism, of a narrowing puritanical dogmatism either in religion, morals, or intelligence, is well portrayed in Miss Chesebro's Victoria. But the love and faith that should overcome the world are not fully shown there. The world is not overcome by death, but by life. To die fighting, even, is not to gain the victory. The tale of a treacherous murder is not the story of a contest. By cutting down the fresh young grass, we cannot learn the richness of the harvest. The rising sap of the maple we can crystallize into sugar; but only by living in the sunshine and the rain can the tree, by its own wondrous secret, evolve from that sap the fresh green leaves of Spring, the luxuriant foliage of Summer, and the gorgeous glories of Autumn.

We have chosen to consider "Victoria" in this light, rather than as a simple story of the times; more as a novel claiming notice as a sincere study of life and nature, and therefore true in all time, than as what is called an historical novel. As a correct portraiture of the period in which the scene is laid, Victoria is worthy of high commendation. But the interest of the work is for us lessened rather than increased by this fact. Puritanism is too small and contracted a sphere for the free development of a character like Maud. It is not of the seventeenth but of the nineteenth century that Miss Chesebro' should write. It is the woman of to-day she should describe; the spirit that is in motion all about us, seeking to evolve for woman the innocence and purity of principle and experience, which her divine instincts murmur her to aspire to and attain.

BY GEORGE HERBERT.

Welcome! dear feast of Lent: who loves not thee,
He loves not temperance, or authority,
But is compos'd of passion.
The Scriptures bid us fast: the Church says, Now
Give to thy mother, what thou would'st allow
To ev'ry corporation.

The humble soul, compos'd of love and fear,
Begins at home, and lays the burden there,
When doctrines disagree.
He says, in things which use have justly got,
'I am a scandal to the Church;' and not,
'The Church is so to me.'

True Christians should be glad of an occasion
To use their temperance, seeking no evasion,
When good is seasonable:
Unless authority, which should increase
The obligation in us, make it less;
And power itself disable.

Besides the cleanness of sweet abstinence;
Quick thoughts and motions, at a small expense;
A face not fearing light:
Whereas in fulness there are sluttish fumes,
Sour exhalations, and dishonest rheums,
Revenging the delight.

Then those same pendent profits, which the Spring
And Easter intimate, enlarge the thing,
And goodness of the deed.
Neither ought other men's abuse of Lent
Spoil the good use; lest, by that argument,
We forfeit all our creed.

It's true, we cannot reach Christ's fortieth day;
Yet, to go part of that religious way,
Is better than to rest.
We cannot reach our Saviour's purity;
Yet are we bid, Be holy ev'n as He.
In both let's do our best.

Who goeth in the way which Christ hath gone,
Is much more sure to meet with him, than one
That travelleth byways.
Perhaps my God, though he be far before,
May turn, and take me by the hand; and more,
May strengthen my decays.

Yet, Lord, instruct us to improve our fast
By starving sin, and taking such repast,
As may our faults control
That ev'ry man may revel at his door,
Not in his parlor: banqueting the poor,
And, among those, his soul.

HOW TO KEEP LENT.

BY ROBERT HERRICK.

Is this a Fast, to keep
The larder lean
And clean
From fat of meats and sheep?—
Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
Or ragg'd to go,
Or show
A downcast look and sour?
No: 'Tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat
And meat
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate;
To circumcise thy life;
To show a heart grief-rent;
To starve thy sin,
Not bin;
And that's to keep thy Lent!

—A spirited English publisher, Mr. S. Booth, is about reprinting the famous "First Folio Shakespeare" of 1623, which, after all the discussions of commentators, must be resorted to as the parent test of the great dramatist. It will be printed so as to range with the library editions of Shakespeare, "page for page," "line for line," "word for word" with the original, and carefully executed facsimiles of the rude typographical ornaments, will be given, for lovers of rare books. An edition will be printed on writing paper, in folio, and there will be a small impression of each play, separately, in quarto.

The Saturday Press Book-List.

For the week ending February 25, 1860.

Of course no reader and no critic can ever get to the bottom of the pile of New Books. Perhaps Mr. Clapp, in his pungent SATURDAY PRESS, *does most wisely by merely mentioning them in attractive print. The title of a new book, printed in comely type, is a very valuable notice.*—HARPER'S WEEKLY, Nov. 12, 1859.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

HISTORICAL.

The Treason of Charles Lee, Major General—second in command in the American Army of the Revolution. By George H. Moore, Librarian of the New York Historical Society. With two Portraits on Steel, and facsimiles of Gen. Lee's Letters to Gen. Gates and Lord Howe. New York: C. Scribner.

A History of Georgia from its first discovery by Europeans to the adoption of the present Constitution in MDCCXCVIII. By Rev. William Bacon Stevens, M.D., D.D., formerly Professor of Belles Lettres, History, etc., in the University of Georgia. In 2 vols. 8vo., with portraits of Oglethorpe and Habersham. Volume II. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co.

TRAVELS, ETC.

South and North; or, Impressions Received During a Trip to Cuba and the South. By John S. C. Abbott. 1 vol. 12mo. 352 pages. 75 cents. New York: Abbey & Abbott.

POETRY.

Complete Poetical Works of Thomas Buchanan Read. Including "Sylvia," "The House by the Sea," "The New Pastoral," etc. New ... revised with additions. 2 vols. 16mo. Cloth. $2. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

NOVELS.

The Heiress. An Autobiography. By Mrs. Ann A. Stephens, author of "Fashion and Famine," "The Old Homestead," "Mary Derwent," etc. 12mo. Cloth. $1 25. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Stories from Famous Ballads. For Children. By Grace Greenwood. Author of "History of my Pets," "Recollections of my Childhood," "Merrie England," "Stories and Legends," etc., etc. With Illustrations by Billings. 12mo. pp. 141.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

NOVELS.

Tom Brown at Oxford. A Sequel to School Days at Rugby. By Thomas Hughes, author of "School Days at Rugby," "Scouring of the White Horse," etc. Part IV. 12mo. Paper. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Holmsby House. A Tale of Old Northamptonshire. By G. J. Whyte Melville, author of "Kate Coventry," "The Interpreter," etc. 8vo. Paper. pp. 224. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

POETRY.

Whims and Waifs. By Thomas Hood. Now first collected. 12mo. pp. 479. New York: Derby and Jackson.

MEDICAL.

Clinical Lectures on Certain Acute Diseases. By R. B. Todd, M.D., F.R.S., author of "Clinical Lectures on Diseases of the Urinary Organs," etc. 8vo. pp. 320. Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lea.

The Diseases of the Ear: their Nature, Diagnosis and Treatment. By Joseph Toynbee, F.R.S., etc. 8vo. With Illustrations. Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lea.

ENGLISH.

HISTORICAL.

Historical Recollections of the Reign of William IV. Including the Parliamentary Reformation of Great Britain and Ireland. By A. Waley. 2 vols. Post 8vo. 21s. London: J. F. Hope.

RELIGIOUS.

An Exposition of the Book of Ecclesiastes. By the Rev. Charles Bridges, M.A., Rector of Hinton Martell, Dorset, and author of "An Exposition of Psalm cxix.," etc. Crown 8vo. Cloth. 6s. London: Seeley, Jackson & Halliday.

Persuasions. By the Rev. T. H. Ball, St. Andrew's Church, Holborn. 1 vol. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d. London: J. F. Hope.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Reminiscences of the Late Thomas Assheton Smith, Esq.; or, The Life and Pursuits of an English Country Gentleman. By Sir John E. Eardley Wilmot, Bart. With Portrait and Illustrations. 8vo. London: John Murray.

Count Cavour: His Life and Career. A complete Biography of this Eminent Statesman up to the present time. 8vo. Cloth. 3s. 6d. London: Judd & Glass.

POETRY.

By the Sea. Poems. By Edmund Sanders, B.A., Trinity Hall, Cambridge. 8vo. Cloth. 4s. 6d. London: Macmillan & Co.

Alban. A Narrative Poem. 5s. London: Judd & Glass.

NOVELS, ETC.

Step by Step; or, The Good Fight. From the German of Nathusius. By Mrs. Bushby. 2s. 6d.; cloth, 3s. London: Richard Bentley.

The Cousins' Courtship. By John Wise. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

The Man of the People. By William Howitt. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

Too Much Alone. By F. G. Trafford, author of "The Moors and the Fens." 3 vols., post 8vo. London: Charles J. Skeet.

Honesty is the Best Policy. By Mrs. Augustus Peel. 2 vols. 21s. London: Newby.

The ... a Naval Novel founded on fact. By Vice-Admiral Hercules Robinson, with Plan of Battle of Trafalgar. Crown 8vo, cloth. 5s. London: James Blackwood.

The Pope's Dream; or, Pio Nono in Purgatory. A Tale of the Lower Regions. By Thomas Plummer. 8vo. 1s. London: Judd & Glass.

A False Step in Life. By L. L. D. 1 vol., post 8vo. 10s. 6d. London: J. F. Hope.

The Old Chateau. By M. Lejeune. 2 vols., post 8vo. 21s. London: J. F. Hope.

The Madman of St. James. From the Diary of a Physician. By H. N. 3 vols., post 8vo. 31s. 6d. London: J. F. Hope.

Zyme; or, How it Works. By Miss Nobody. 1 vol., post 8vo. 10s. 6d. London: J. F. Hope.

Life and Its Lessons; or, The Past and the Present. A Tale. By the Rev. F. W. B. Bouverie, incumbent of St. Paul's Church of England chapel, Aberdeen. Crown 8vo., cloth. 6s. London: Seeley, Jackson & Halliday.

Yes and No; or, Glimpses of the Great Conflict. A new Novel. 3 vols., crown 8vo. £1. 11s. 6d. London: Macmillan & Co.

TRAVELS.

My Experiences in Australia. By a Lady. 1 vol., post 8vo. 1s. 6d. London: J. F. Hope.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Intuitions of the Mind. By the Rev. James M'Cosh, LL.D., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in Queen's College, Belfast, author of "The Method of the Divine Government, Physical and Moral," and joint author of "Typical Forms and Special Ends in Creation." London: John Murray.

A Review of the Crimean War, to the Winter of 1854–55. By Lieut.-Colonel John Adye, C. B., late Assistant Adjutant-General, Royal Artillery. London: Hurst & Blackett.

The Writings of Paterson, Founder of the Bank of England, upon the National Debt; on Taxation; on the Public Accounts; on Banking; on the Union of 1706; on the Darien Colony and Colonial Government; on Free Trade and Monopoly; and on the Social Improvement of Scotland. With a Portrait of the author, and facsimiles of his handwriting. Edited from MSS. and Printed Tracts of 1690 to 1717. By Saxe Bannister, M.A., of Queen's College, Oxford, and formerly Attorney-General of New South Wales. 3 vols. 8vo. 33s. London: Judd & Glass.

A Manual of the English Constitution. With a Review of its Rise, Growth, and Present State. By David Rowland. London: John Murray.

BOOKS IN PRESS.

GOULD & LINCOLN, BOSTON.

The Life of our Lord Historically Considered; The Hulsean Lectures for 1859. By C. J. Ellicott, B.D.

T. B. PETERSON & BROS., PHILADELPHIA.

The Haunted Homestead. With an Autobiography of the Author. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, author of "The Lost Heiress," "Deserted Wife," etc. 12mo. Cloth. $1 25. [To be published March 10th.]

WALKER, WISE & CO., BOSTON.

The Church of the first three Centuries not Trinitarian; or, Notices of the Lives and Opinions of some of the early Fathers, with Special Reference to their Belief relating to the Son and the Spirit.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

Received at the Office of The Saturday Press.

For the week ending Saturday, Feb. 25, 1860.

Christ in History. By Robert Turnbull, author of "Genius of Scotland," "Pulpit Orators of France and Switzerland," "Life Pictures from a Pastor's Note Book," etc. 12mo. pp. 540. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1860.

Stories from Famous Ballads. For Children. By Grace Greenwood, author of "History of my Pets," "Recollections of my Childhood," "Merrie England," "Stories and Legends," etc. With Illustrations by Billings. 12mo. pp. 141. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

Tom Brown at Oxford. A Sequel to School Days at Rugby. By Thomas Hughes, author of "School Days at Rugby," "Scouring of the White Horse," etc. Part IV. 12mo. Paper. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

Holmsby House. A Tale of Old Northamptonshire. By G. J. Whyte Melville, author of "Kate Coventry," "The Interpreter," etc. 8vo. Paper. pp. 224. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

Washington's Farewell Address to the People of the United States. With arabesque Design and Illuminations. Philadelphia: Devereux & Co. 1860.

Whims and Waifs. By Thomas Hood. Now first collected. 12mo. pp. 479. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1860.

The American Christian Record. Containing the History, Confession of Faith, and Statistics of each Religious Denomination in the United States and Europe. A list of all Clergymen, with their Postoffice address, etc., etc. 12mo. pp. 696. New York: W. R. C. Clark & Meeker.

Centre College Magazine. Devoted to Literature. Vol. II., No. VI. February 1860. Danville, Ky.: Centre College.

South and North; or, Impressions Received During a Trip to Cuba and the South. By John S. C. Abbott. 12mo. pp. 352. New York: Abbey & Abbott. 1860.

Wild Sports in the South; or, the Camp-Fires of the Everglades. By Charles E. Whitehead, translator of "Gerard the Lion Killer." With Illustrations by Ehninger, Tait, and others. 12mo. pp. 424. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1860.

Directorio de Artes, Commercio E Industrias de la Habana. Habana: Libreria de A. Grampera, Obispo 113.

Adventures and Observations on the West Coast of Africa, and its Islands. Historical and Descriptive Sketches of Madeira, Canary, Biafra and Cape Verd Islands; their Climates, Inhabitants and Productions. Accounts of Places, Peoples, Customs, Trade, Missionary operations, etc., etc., on that part of the African coast lying between Tangier, Morocco and Benguela. By Rev. Chas. W. Thomas, M.A., member of the Georgia Conference; Chaplain to the African Squadron in 1855, 1856, and 1857. With Illustrations from original drawings. 12mo. pp. 479. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1860.

A Mince Pie. A Pumpkin Ditto. New York: S. W. Wentworth. 1860.

MUSIC.

Kitty Tyrrell. Song. New York: Firth, Pond & Co.

Poor Drooping Maiden. Poetry and Music. By Stephen C. Foster. New York: Firth, Pond & Co.

Darling Little Blue Eyed Nell. By Fred Buckley. New York: Firth, Pond & Co.

We are Growing Old Together. By Fred Buckley. New York: Firth, Pond & Co.

Laughing Jeanie. By Fred Buckley. New York: Firth, Pond & Co.

Idol of my Heart. Words by Mrs. William V. Porter. Music by Albert W. Berg. New York: Firth, Pond & Co.

The Wife; or, He'll Come Home. Song. Written and composed by Stephen C. Foster. New York: Firth, Pond & Co.

Ella Leene. Song and Chorus ad lib. Words by Quiet Willie. Music composed by Fred Buckley. New York: Firth, Pond & Co.

Le Reveil des Fauvettes. Allegretto sur une melodie d'Ad De Groot. Pour le Piano, par Felix Goodefroid. New York: Firth, Pond & Co.

I'm Thinking of Thee Ellie. Ballad. Words by Sutton Elliott, Esq. Sung by Mr. George Simpson. For whom the music was composed by J. Gaspard Maeder. New York: Firth, Pond & Co.

Maggie the Pride of the Vale. Song and Chorus ad lib. Sung by Buckley's Serenaders. Words by John Pope Oldham, of New Orleans. Music by Fred Buckley. New York: Firth, Pond & Co.

I would that I were Beautiful. Words by Ada Coster. Composed by Waldo Allen. New York: Firth, Pond & Co.

I'm Turning Grey, Is ar Kate. By N. W. Gould. New York: Firth, Pond & Co.

Contents of Magazines.

Blackwood's Magazine for February contains: Norman Sinclair, an Autobiography.—Part II. The diffusion of Taste among all classes, a National Necessity. St. Stephen's.—Part II. Lord Dundonald's Memoirs. Robert Burns. The Luck of Ladysmede.—Part XII. Ode for the First Week of January, to Messrs. Galen & Glauber. A Visit to the Columbia River, and a Cruise round Vancouver's Island. Fleets and Navies—England—Part IV. Mr. Bull's Second Song—The Sly Little Man. France and Central Italy.

Bentley's Quarterly Review, No. IV., contains: The Coming Political Campaign. The Ordance Survey. George Sand. Modern English Domestic Architecture. Ben Jonson. Greek Literature. John Stuart Mill on Liberty. Lord Dundonald.

Colburn's New Monthly Magazine for February contains: The French in Abyssinia. East Lynne, by the author of "Ashley." —Part II.—Chap. I. The Moonlight Interview—Chap. II. Mr. Carlyle's Office—Chap. III. Richard Hare, the younger. Wallenstein, by Sir Nathaniel. Curiosities of Ceylon. To Eliza Cook—A Birthday Greeting—by W. Charles Kent. Peden the Prophet. All Souls' Day, by Mrs. Bushby. A Holiday Tour in Spain, by a Physician. Washington Irving, by Cyrus Redding. Arctic Exploration. Resources of Estates. A Special Service at Westminster Abbey, by Edward P. Rowsell. Will there be a Congress?

The Eclectic for February contains: The Fate of Sir John Franklin. Anschar, the Apostle of the North. The Old Mulberry Garden and the Modern St. James's Park, by W. Thornbury. Pages from My Diary, by Fredrika Bremer. John Angell James—In Memoriam. Revivals, by Rev. Wm. Arthur. Financial Reform. Brief Notices of Recent Publications.

Macmillan's Magazine for February contains: Lord Macaulay, by the Rev. F. D. Maurice. Tom Brown at Oxford, by the author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays,"—Chaps. X and XI. Arctic Enterprise and its Results since 1815, by Franklin Lushington. A Man's Wooing. Modern Pensee Writers—The Hares, Novalis, Joubert—by J. M. Ludlow. Macaulay as a Boy, described in two Unpublished Letters of Hannah More. The Age of Gold, by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." The Friend of Greece, by Richard Garnett. Harper's Ferry, and "Old Captain Brown," by W. E. Forster. Meeting of Parliament and Questions ahead.

Fraser's Magazine for February contains: Concerning Giving Up and Coming Down, by A. K. H. B. The Battle-fields of 1859. The "Old Corrector." Representation in Practice and in Theory, by Thomas Hare. Holmby House, by G. J. Whyte Melville, author of "Digby Grand,"—Part XIV. Franklin's Fate and the Voyage of the Fox. Points of View. The Idler in the Hague. Wheat and Tares—a Tale,—Part II. The United States through English Eyes. The Literary Suburb of the Eighteenth Century, —Chap. II. Why not the Lords, too?

The Quarterly Review, No. CCXIII., contains: Australian Colonies and Supply of Gold. Inventors of Cotton Spinning Machines. China and the War. The Roman Wall in Northumberland. Religious Revivals in Ireland and Elsewhere. Cowper—his Life and Works. Reform Schemes.

Special Notices.

The Mezzofanti System of Teaching Foreign Languages is the easiest and most successful one known—learning by heart being avoided. Ladies and gentlemen of any age have now the opportunity of acquiring the Spanish or Italian languages. The proficiency attained in three weeks, by this system, is equal to what is generally learned, with great exertions, in sixty lessons, through any of the absurd old methods (Ollendorff's included) used at present for teaching the above two languages. For full particulars, apply to F. ALBA, 32 East Twenty first street, between Broadway and Fourth avenue.

French Institute for Young Gentlemen, No. 48 East Twenty-Fourth st., N. Y.,—Classical, French, German, Spanish, Mathematics, English Boarding and Day School.

Prof. ELIE CHARLIER, Director.

Lecture by Rev. J. P. DURBIN, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 28th, at 8 o'clock P. M., on *Jerusalem and the Temples*, in connection with the Exhibition of Solomon's Temple, on Ninth street, two doors East of Broadway.

Open from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M. Admission 25 cents. Children 12 cents.

Ocean Mail Steamer.—The European mail, by the steamer "A..." ...

To Ladies and Housekeepers.—A New and Improved **RANGE** for ROASTING, BAKING, and BROILING,—to be seen at **285 CANAL STREET,** Three doors from Broadway, East side.

Madame Busque, No. 6 Rue de la Michodière, begs to inform the American residents in Paris that she has removed her establishment to

NO. 40 RUE GODOT DE MAUROT.

Dinners, Breakfasts, Pumpkin Pies, Gingerbread, Buckwheat Cakes, etc., etc.

[ESTABLISHED 1815.]

William Everdell & Sons,

[WM. EVERDELL, WM. EVERDELL, JR., HENRY EVERDELL.]

ENGRAVERS AND PRINTERS.

104 Fulton (near William street), New York.

[From the *Press*, Philadelphia, October 7, 1859.]

Spalding's Prepared Glue.

To have a favorite piece of china chipped or broken, a pet book with its binding torn, a nice piece of furniture fractured, is a terrible and temper-destroying nuisance. Not without remedy, as we can testify. Mr. Spalding, who advertises his Prepared Glue in the *Press* to-day, sent us some of it yesterday. We devoted two hours to its practical application—result, two carved chairs completely restored, many odds and ends of china and glass made fit for use, a tattered map made as good as new, several daguerreotype cases renovated, and an old folio edition of Herodotus and Homer, printed in the year 1500, whose antique boards (literally *boards*) were split, made strong enough to last for another century or two. We might have mended any quantity of children's broken toys, but caved in after an hour at the worst of them. This Prepared Glue, which is a liquid about as thick as glue, and applied by a brush which accompanies each bottle, is so indispensable in a house that we now wonder how we could have gone without it.

The N. Y. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, Jr., ROBERT W. PEARSALL, } Proprietors.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 25, 1860.

DARWIN'S "ORIGIN OF SPECIES."*

The problem of creation, it seems, is to be argued over again. It is no longer the question of ancient pagan speculation whether something could be made out of nothing, whether chaotic matter be not eternal, and only the cosmos or beautiful order of the world, be a created thing. It is no longer the dreamy question of the Orient, how an illusive world went forth in a series of emanations from the Divine mind and filled infinite space with its shadowy semblances. It is no longer the Zoroastrian and Gnostic question of the moral character of the universe, and as to whether its demiurgic artificer belonged to the order of angels or of demons.

These high problems of ancient and mediæval metaphysics are wholly ignored by the positive science of our day. Since Hegelianism ceased to be rampant, the race of metaphysicians has become almost extinct; a priori demonstrations of absolute truth are suspected by most thinkers to be specimens of splendid charlatanry; the most active savants of our age ground their speculations on indubitable physics; and the disciples of Auguste Comte boast that his sceptre is swayed over the tomb of all the philosophies.

It may be well for these very admirable and confident positive philosophers (Buckle, Lewes, John Stuart Mill, Darwin, etc.), to remember that only thirty years ago the wisest heads believed that the universe was perfectly explained by Hegel's cabalistic phrase of absolute idealism. History, æsthetics, and theology then received far greater services from the enthusiastic labors of young Hegelians than have yet been rendered by all the positivists to the physical sciences. Without, therefore, admitting that the reign of Comte and his more or less avowed disciples is to be eternal, we may accept with gratitude the valuable results which are certainly proceeding from his school of thinkers at the present time.

Charles Darwin, a savant of established reputation, has published a work on the "Origin of Species" in natural history (absurdly advertised in the newspapers as the "Origin of the Species.") His aim is to show that the species of plants and animals are not immutable, and each a special creation, but that by slight variations, perpetuated through long periods of time, species may have been developed from genera, as varieties have grown from species, and sub-varieties from varieties. His argument is akin to that of Lamarck, and the author of the "Vestiges of Creation," but is much more elaborate and minute. He writes with scientific caution and modesty, in a style so accurate and detailed as to be formidably heavy, employing throughout the volume only one single metaphor or rhetorical figure of any kind, and that one utterly unintelligible.

His first point is to show that species are in many cases not well defined, and that the whole order of natural history seems to be in a state of mutation, by reason of constant variations. Thus, even under domestication, important changes may be introduced by intercrossing, by selection of the best individuals for propagation, by choosing parents marked by however slight but favorable peculiarities.

His second point is what he terms the universal and necessary struggle for existence. This follows from the high geometrical ratio of increase common to all beings. If there were no catastrophes, any one of the existing species would be sufficiently numerous in a few thousand years, to cover the whole earth, to the exclusion of everything else. Even slow-breeding man doubles his number in twenty-five years; and if this rate continued, without interruption, for several decades of centuries, there would literally not be standing-room for his progeny. The elephant is the slowest of all breeders, producing only three pairs of young in ninety years; yet even at this rate, there would be, at the end of five milleniums, fifteen millions of elephants on the earth, descended from each pair. Thus between the almost innumerable species there exists the severest competition. Beneath the palpable and fatal fact that the germs of the great majority of plants and animals must be destined to premature destruction, every organic being seems to be struggling to its utmost to increase in numbers. Battle within battle, between nicely adjusted forces, in which universal defeat is the law, and occasional triumph the exception, is the formula which regulates the propagation of all organic life. Those individuals only succeed which have some advantage, either by exceeding strength, or by some slight variation over their fellows. Myriads are born that cannot possibly survive; and a grain in the balance in the severe conflict will give the chance of life to the most favored.

Such is Mr. Darwin's universal struggle for life.

His third point is to prove that this struggle is directed by the law of natural selection. Even the races of domestic animals may be constantly improved and modified by choosing the best individuals for propagation. Nature brings the same discipline to bear upon the whole domain of animal and vegetable life. She seizes at once upon any slight variation that is favorable, and perpetuates it; in the universal pressure, any variation that is injurious is immediately extinguished. In the divergencies of character which appear through the long geological periods, the less improved forms of life fail; they are crushed out by superior and victorious races, which in their turn yield to still more highly improved organisms, selected by Nature through long ages from the multitudinous slight variations offered to her choice in every generation.

An example will illustrate the principle. The wolf secures its prey sometimes by strength, sometimes by fleetness. Suppose that for a period, from the failure of other prey, the wolves in a particular region were obliged to rely for food chiefly upon the deer. During that period, the fleetest, and not the strongest, would stand the best chance of surviving; and in due time the species would become considerably modified, being more fleet and less strong. Thus there are said actually to be two varieties of wolf inhabiting the Catskill which pursues deer; and the other more bulky, and with shorter legs, which more frequently attacks flocks.

This example illustrates the difference between Darwin and his predecessors. Lamarck would have said that a special desire and effort on the part of the wolf to pursue deer would gradually have produced the requisite organization,—as a fish may, after having desired an atmospheric existence through long generations, at length become a bird. The author of the "Vestiges" would have said that, in the interminable order of consecutive development, a single wolf was at some time produced from a dog, and thus a new species was inaugurated. Darwin claims that amid constant and innumerable variations, natural selection seizes upon those that are favorable, and extinguishes the rest.

Natural selection proceeds by certain laws. Long-continued, excessive use or disease of any part of an organization, modifies it. Climate and habit have their effects. But the most curious law is that of correlation of growth, according to which any variation in one part is followed by variations in other parts. One instance of this kind is that long limbs are almost always accompanied by an elongated head. Others are more whimsical, as, that blue-eyed cats are invariably deaf, and that white sheep may eat with impunity certain vegetable poisons which are dangerous to black sheep. An occasional intercrossing hastens the usual slow process of introducing new species. Dominant groups tend to give birth to new and dominant forms, and the more dominant beat the less dominant, increase and variation into richer and more powerful forms entailing extinction upon those that are inferior.

Natural selection, by accumulating very slight inherited modifications, can act only with extreme slowness. Mr. Darwin's fourth point is to consider the relation of his theory to the geological record. He accepts the vastly increased lapse of time which the most recent geologists have announced. Three hundred millions of years is the smallest number that is now assigned to the period since the secondary formation. Mr. Horner's researches have almost proved that even men sufficiently civilized to manufacture pottery, lived in the valley of the Nile about fourteen thousand years ago. How long antecedent to this ancient period may savages, like those of Patagonia, have roamed through Egypt!

This immense duration of the natural history of the earth favors the theory by allowing ample time for the innumerable species to have been produced from a few parents. But if every step had been taken slowly from a few simple forms, should not the relics of all the intervening species be found in the crust of the earth? And should not the geologist be able to trace back through the more and more ancient formations all those unfortunate species which have perished in the struggle for life, and which would complete the links in the chain of being?

Mr. Darwin demonstrates in answer, the imperfection of the geological record, the extreme poorness of our palæontological collections. Geology has but imperfectly written the history of the world; the earlier volumes of its record are lost, since fossils are not found below the Silurian stratum; and even of its latest volumes we possess only imperfect chapters, relating to two or three countries. The missing volumes and chapters would all be necessary to prove his theory geologically, to trace the series of slight variations from our present species back to the primitive parents.

Such is the argument by which a revolutionary conclusion is attained. Prosecuting his theory to its ultimate results, Mr. Darwin hardly hesitates to affirm the origin of animals and vegetables from one single initiative germ. "I believe," he says, "that animals have descended from at most only four or five progenitors, and plants from an equal or lesser number. Analogy would lead me one step further. . . . I should infer from analogy that probably all the organic beings which have ever lived on this earth have descended from some one primordial form, into which life was first breathed."

This theory, supported by a formidable array of learning, and challenging attention by a sort of inherent sublimity, gives a result not only to science but to ethics. It suggests that the processes not only of nature but of man must always be slow, that every new power and capacity must be acquired by gradation, and that a victorious character can be achieved only by mortal struggle.

* On the Origin of Species, by Means of Natural Selection or the Preservation of Favored Races in the Struggle for Life. By Charles Darwin, M.A. 1 vol., 12mo. pp. 432. $1 25. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

"EDGAR POE AND HIS CRITICS."

These words form the title of a book written by Sarah Helen Whitman, of Providence, R. I., and published in this city by Messrs. Rudd & Carleton.

The little book commends itself to the notice of the public by the importance of its subject, the reputation of its author, and the elegance of its mechanical style.

It has long been known that Mrs. Whitman intended to publish a defence of Poe. For certain sufficient reasons, it was expected that her statement would possess the authentic value of intimate knowledge. This book has therefore been eagerly anticipated, and is now pleasantly received by a large number of readers interested in the subject to which it relates.

It is well known that, subsequently to the death of Poe, Mr. Rufus Wilmot Griswold became his literary executor, and wrote his Memoir. And it is equally well known that, in the way of literary biography, there are few things more amusing or more contemptible than the Memoir that Dr. Griswold wrote. Of the Doctor himself we have nothing to say. We remember, as Mrs. Whitman counsels us to do, "that the memorialist now claims from us that tender grace of charity that he was unwilling or unable to accord to the man who trusted him as a friend."

Of the charges against Poe which are set down in that Memoir, many are entirely trivial, some are undoubtedly false, and some probably are true. They are, in substance, that he was dissipated in youth, and never became respectable; that he was frequently inebriated; that he was neither diligent nor honest in business; that he was irregular and extravagant; that he was poor; that he married a woman unfit to be his wife; that he assumed to be insane, and was full of affectations; that he printed contradictory judgments of men and books; that he was a plagiarist; and, finally, that he exhibited scarcely any virtue in either his life or his writings.

In regard to all this, Mrs. Whitman's design is thus set forth in the Preface to her book: "Dr. Griswold's Memoir of Poe has been extensively read and circulated; its perverted facts and baseless assumptions have been adopted into every subsequent memoir and notice of the poet, and have been translated into many languages. For ten years this great wrong to the dead has passed unchallenged and unrebuked.

"It has been assumed by a recent English critic that 'Edgar Poe had no friends.' As an index to a more equitable and intelligible theory of the idiosyncrasies of his life, and as an earnest protest against the spirit of Dr. Griswold's unjust memoir, these pages are submitted to his more candid readers and critics by One of his Friends."

As a defence of Poe against the specific charges of Dr. Griswold, this book disappoints its preface and amounts to nothing. As regarding certain unimportant calumnies of certain obscure people, it amounts to a complete refutation.

One critic is mentioned who is not obscure. That is the gentle George Gilfillan, of whom it has been felicitously remarked that he thinks himself a great painter because he paints with a big brush. This critic has stated that Poe caused the death of his wife in order that he might have a fitting theme for the Raven. "A serious objection to this ingenious theory," retorts Mrs. Whitman, "may perhaps be found in the refractory fact that the poem was published more than a year before the event which it was intended to commemorate."

For ourselves we confess a weariness of critical discussions relating to Edgar Allan Poe. To view this man aright the world is not yet far enough away from him. The grass has not withered on his grave. ... than any which prevails in the present. When the test of small morality is no longer applied to genius and to art; when impertinent curiosity, rebuked by the sanctity of private life, ceases to unveil the errors and infirmities of the private man; when works of art are judged as works of art, and genius is analyzed without reference to the petty chances and accidents of physical or social life,—then will criticism cease to be gossip; then will genius, intellect, and art imperially command and reverentially receive the recognition, the sympathy, the justice of mankind.

A TRIP TO CUBA.

Three weeks ago we had the pleasure of noticing Mr. Thornbury's "Life in Spain." The perusal of that book has very pleasantly prepared us for the reviewal of Mrs. Howe's "Trip to Cuba," which has been reprinted from the *Atlantic Monthly*, and published in a handsome volume by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields.

We have read this book with more than satisfaction. It is a charming piece of prose composition. It seems to have been written for the delight of writing it. Anyway, it is pervaded with the glow of ardent enthusiasm.

To write for pleasure is a good deal better than to write for profit,—alike for the author and the reader. Literary job-work is generally ineffectual and heavy reading. In the present instance, it is probable the author gets pleasure and profit too.

Whoever has read that beautiful sketch by Curtis, entitled "Titbottom's Spectacles," has revelled in the sensuous atmosphere of tropical climes. Whoever has once enjoyed that serene delight will make haste to enjoy it again and again. Mrs. Howe's book affords a new and inviting opportunity for that sort of enjoyment. It reproduces life in the tropics. Enchanted by its magic, we are wiled into the land of romance. A brighter sky rolls out above us, "starry, soft, and velvet-deep." Soft airs fan by us, freighted with bird-music and with the delicious fragrance of lilies. From airy, glittering *volantes*, flitting about in the twilight, gleam forth pale faces and bright black eyes. Through grand avenues of palm and cocoa we wander slowly, ravished with celestial music and the floating odor of brilliant flowers. Like the setting of a jewel, the great ocean closes round our little island, green, lucid, and murmurous. Everywhere is moonlight, starlight, and sweet luxurious ease.

But not alone in its poetic feeling and suggestion is this little book delightful. A certain graceful and gentle playfulness pervades the entire narrative, sparkling through all its minute details, relieving it of all monotony, and making it everywhere lively and agreeable.

We make a single extract from the book,—in which are finely exemplified the rich poetic nature of its author and the elegant simplicity of her style:

> In Italian villas, the feeling of the Beautiful, which has produced a race of artists, is everywhere manifest,—everywhere are beautiful forms and picturesque effects. Even the ruins of Rome seem to be held together by this fine bond. No stone dares to drop, no arch to moulder, but with an exquisite and touching grace. And the weeds, O! the weeds that hang their little pennons on the Coliseum, how graciously do they float, as if they said, "Breathe softly, lest this crumbling vision of the Past go down before the rude touch of the modern world!" And so one treads lightly, and speaks in hushed accents, lest, in the brilliant Southern noon, one should wake the sleeping heart of Rome to the agony of her slow extinction.
>
> But what is all this? We are dreaming of Rome,—and this is Cuba, where the spirit of Art has never been, and where it could not pass without sweeping out from houses, churches, gardens, and brains, such trash as has rarely been seen and endured elsewhere. They show us, for example, some mutilated statues in the ruins of what is called the Bishop's Garden. Why, the elements did a righteous work, when they effaced the outlines of these coarse and trivial shapes, unworthy even the poor marble on which they were imposed. Turning from these, however, we find lovely things enough to rebuke this savage mood of criticism. The palm-trees are unapproachable in beauty,—they stand in rows like Ionic columns, straight, strong, and regular, with their plumed capitals. They talk solemnly of the Pyramids and the Desert, whose legends have been whispered to them by the winds that cross the ocean, freighted with the thoughts of God. Then, these huge white lilies, deep as goblets, from which one drinks fragrance, and never exhausts,—these thousand unknown jewels of the tropics. Here is a large tank, whose waters are covered with the leaves and flowers of beautiful aquatic plants, whose Latin names are of no possible consequence to anybody. Here, in the very heart of the garden, is a rustic lodge, curtained with trailing vines. Birds in cages are hung about it, and a sweet voice, singing within, tells us that the lodge is the cage of a yet more costly bird. We stop to listen, and the branches of the trees seem to droop more closely about us, the twilight lays its cool, soft touch upon our heated foreheads, and we whisper, "Peace to his soul!" as we leave the precincts of the Bishop's Garden.

A HEALTH TO THE QUEEN!

BY SYDNEY DOBELL.

I.

While the thistle bears
Spears,
And the shamrock is green,
And the English rose
Blows,
A health to the Queen!
A health to the Queen, a health to the Queen
Fill high, boys, drain dry, boys,
A health to the Queen!

II.

The thistle bears spears round its blossom,
Round its blossom the shamrock is green,
The rose grows and glows round the rose in its bosom,
We stand sword in hand round the Queen!
Our glory is green round the Queen!
We close round the rose, round the Queen!
The Queen, boys, the Queen! a health to the Queen!
Fill high, boys, drain dry, boys,
A health to the Queen!

III.

Last post I'd a note from that old aunt of mine,
'Twas meant for a hook, but she called it a line;
She says, I don't know why we're going to fight,
She's sure I don't know—and I'm sure she's quite right;
She swears I haven't looked at one sole protocol;
Tantara! tantara! I haven't, 'pon my soul!
Soho, blow trumpeter,
Trumpeter, trumpeter!
Soho, blow trumpeter, onward's the cry!
Fall, tyrants, fall—the devil care why!
A health to the Queen, a health to the Queen!
Fill high, boys, drain dry, boys,
A health to the Queen!

IV.

My granny came down—"pour vous voir, mon barbare,"
She brought in her pocket a map—du Tartare—
Drawn up, so she vowed, "par un homme ah! si bon!"
With a plan for campaigning old Hal, en haut ton.
With here you may trick him, and here you may prick him,
And here—if you do it en roi—you may lick him.
But there he is sacred, and yonder—O la!
He's as dear a sweet soul as your late grandpapa!
Soho, blow trumpeter!
Trumpeter, trumpeter!
Blow the charge, trumpeter, blare, boy, blare!
Fall, tyrants, fall—the devil care where!
A health to the Queen, a health to the Queen!
Fill high, boys, drain dry, boys,
A health to the Queen!

V.

My cousin, the Yankee, last night did his best
To prove "the Czar—bless you—'s no worse than the rest."
He wheeled the decanters out on to the lawn,
And he argued—and spat—in a circle till dawn.
Quoth I, "If the game's half as thick as you say,
The more need for hounds, lad! Hunt's up! Hark-away!"
Soho, blow trumpeter!
Trumpeter, trumpeter!
Tally ho, trumpeter, over the ditch—
Over the ditch, boys, the broad ditch at Dover!
Hands slack, boys, heels back, boys,
Yohoicks! we're well over!
Soho, blow trumpeter! blow us to cover!
Blow, boy, blow,
Berlin, or Moscow,
Schœnbrun, or Rome,
So Reynard's at home,
The devil care which!
Hark, Evans! hark, Campbell! hark, Cathcart!—Halloo!
Heyday, harkaway! good men and true!
Harkaway to the brook!
You won't ...
Leap and look!
High and dry!
Tantivy, full cry
Full cry up the hill!
Hurrah, and it's over!
A burst and a kill.

VI.

While the thistle bears
Spears,
And the shamrock is green,
And the English rose
Blows,
A health to the Queen!
A health to the Queen, a health to the Queen!
Fill high, boys, drain dry, boys,
A health to the Queen!
The Queen, boys, the Queen! the Queen, boys, the Queen!
Full cry, high and dry, boys,
A health to the Queen!

[From Fraser's Magazine.]

GROWING OLD, AND COMING DOWN.

Most people find it painful to come down in the matter of growing old. Most men and women cling, as long as may be, to the belief that they are still quite young, or at least not so very old. Let us respect the clinging to youth; there seems to be much that is good in it. It is an unconscious testimony to the depth and universality of the conviction that, as time goes on, we are leaving behind us the more guileless, innocent, and impressionable season of our life. We feel little sympathy, indeed, for the silly old woman who affects the airs and graces of a girl of seventeen; who makes her daughters attire themselves like children when they are quite grown up, and who renders herself ridiculous in low dresses and a capless head, when her head is half bald and her shoulders like an uncooked plucked fowl. That is downright offensive and revolting. And to see such an individual surrounded by a circle of young lads to whom she is talking in a buoyant and flirting manner, is as melancholy an exhibition of human folly as can anywhere be seen. But it is quite a different thing when man or woman, thoughtful, earnest, and pious, sits down and muses at the sight of the first gray hairs. Here is the slight shadow, we think, of a certain great event which is to come; here is the earliest touch of a chill hand which must prevail at length. Here is manifest decay; we have begun to die. And no worthy human being will pretend that this is other than a very solemn thought. And we look back as well as forward; how short a time since we were little children, and kind hands smoothed down the locks now growing scanty and gray! You cannot recognize in the glass, when you see the careworn anxious face, the smooth features of the careless child. You feel you must come down; you are young no more! Yet you know by what shifts people seek in this respect to avoid coming down. We postpone, year after year, the point at which people cease to be young. We are pleased when we find people talking of men above thirty as young men. Once, indeed, Sir Robert Peel spoke of Lord Derby at forty-five as a man in "the buoyancy of youth." Many men of five-and-forty would feel a secret elation as they read the words thus employed. The present writer wants a good deal yet of being half-way; yet he remembers how much obliged he felt to Mr. Dickens for describing Tom Pinch, in "Martin Chuzzlewit" (in an advertisement to be put in the *Times*), as "a respectable young man aged thirty-five." You remember how Sir Bulwer Lytton, as he has himself grown older, has made the heroes of his novels grow older *pari passu*. Many years ago his romantic heroes were lads of twenty; now they are always sentimental men of fifty. And in all this we can trace a natural conviction of the intellect, as well as the natural disinclination in any respect to come down. For youth, with all its folly, is by common consent regarded as a better thing than age, with all its experience: and thus to grow old is regarded as coming down. And there is something very touching, something to be respected and sympathised with by all people in the vigor of life, in the fashion in which men who have come down so far as to admit that they have grown old, refuse to give up by admitting that they are past their work, and indeed persist in maintaining, after fifty years in the church or thirty on the bench, that they are as strong as ever. Let us reverence the old man. Let us help him in his determination not to give up. Let us lighten his burden when we can do so, and then give him credit for bearing it all himself. If there be one respect in which it is especially interesting and respectable when a man refuses to give up at any price, and indeed is most unwilling to come down, it is in the regard of useful, honest labor in the service of God and man. Sometimes the unwillingness to come down in any degree is amusing, and almost provoking. I remember once, coming down a long flight of steps from a railway station, I saw a venerable dignitary of the church, who had served it for more than sixty years, coming down with difficulty, and clinging to the railing. Now, what I ought to have done was, to remain out of his view, and to see he got safely down without making him aware that I was watching him. But I hastily went up to him and begged him to take my arm, as the stair was so slippery and steep. I think I see the indignation of the good man's look. "I assure you," he replied, "my friend, I am quite as able to walk down the steps alone as you are!"

Apart from the more dignified regrets which accompany the coming down of growing old, there are petty mortifications which vain people feel as they are obliged to come down in their views as to their personal appearance. As a man's hair falls off, as he grows unwieldily stout, as he comes to blow like a porpoise in ascending a hill, as his voice cracks when he tries to sing, he is obliged step by step to come down. I heartily despise the contemptible creature who refuses to come down when nature bids him: who dyes his hair and his moustache, rouges his face, wears stays, and pads out his chest. Yet more disgusting is the made-up old reprobate when, padded, rouged, and dyed, as already said, he mingles in a circle of fast young men, and disgusts even them by the foul pruriency of his talk. Kick him out, muscular Christian! Tell him what you think of him, and see how the despicable wretch will cower! But while thus refusing to come gracefully down as to physical aspect with advancing time is thoroughly abominable, let it be remembered that even in this matter the judicious man will not give up, though he will come down. Don't grow slovenly and careless as you grow old. Be scrupulously neat and tidy in dress. It is a pleasant sight—pleasant like the trimly-raked field of Autumn, the speckless, trim, white-neckclothed, well-dressed, old man!

Literary Notes.

— Mr. G. W. Thornbury, the essayist, novelist, contributor of amusing sketches of men and things in Spain to *Household Words*, and until lately, the art critic of the *Athenæum*, has in hand what may be called the official biography of Turner; for Mr. Ruskin selected him for the task, and placed in his hands the necessary papers, which of course had been acquired by the author of "Modern Painters."

— The correct title of the Rev. George Gilfillan's new work is "Alpha and Omega; or a Series of Scripture studies." It ranges over a great variety of topics, such as "The Creation," "The Fall," "The Flood," etc., and forms a kind of concatenated statement of what appears to be the truth in Scripture.

— Messrs. A. and C. Black, of Edinburgh, and Messrs. Longman of London, are publishing Mr. MacCulloch's treatise on Taxation, written for the eighth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

— A Sketch of Ary Scheffer, the great painter, by Mrs. Grote, the wife of the historian of Greece, is nearly ready for publication by Mr. Murray.

— A life of Robert Owen, the socialist, is announced as in preparation by Mr. Wm. Sargeant, and will be issued by the same house (Messrs. Smith & Elder) that brought out his former book, "Social Innovators and their Schemes," last season.

— The two hundred and thirtieth thousand of "Modern Domestic Cookery," based on the work of Mr. Rundell, is announced by Mr. Murray.

— A separate editon is preparing at Edinburgh of Macaulay's biographical contributions to the new edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, prefaced by Mr. Adam Black, to whose friendship with the author they owe their orgin.

— Macaulay's memorial in Westminster Abbey, it is proposed, shall be in the form of a stained-glass window, with a "brass" containing an appropriate inscription. Robert Stephenson is to be commemorated in a similar manner.

— Messrs. Derby and Jackson announce as in press a new work, by Richard Henry Stoddard, entitled "The Loves and Heroines of the Poets." It will comprise, with suitable introductions, such poems by the best poets of all nations, as were addressed by their authors to living beauties or ideal loves. The volume is to be executed in elegant mechanical style, and embellished with authentic and ideal portraits. Some of the latter will be furnished by Mr. Charles A. Barry.

— A Milan letter says M. Alexandre Dumas returned a few days ago from Venetia, and is busy in noting down the memorable events of Garibaldi's life, which will be shortly given to the public.

— Mrs. Norton is engaged in the composition of an opera, for which a young lady, hitherto unknown in the musical world, is to furnish the music.

— The Camden Society, London, has nearly ready for issue to its members the two following promising works: 1. "Letters of George, Lord Carew, afterwards Earl of Totnes, to Sir Thomas Roe," edited by John Maclean, Esq., F.S.A. 2. "Narratives of the Days of the Reformation, and the Contemporary Biographies of Archbishop Cranmer: selected from the papers of John Foxe the Martyrologist," edited by John Gough Nichols, Esq., F.S.A.

[From "Punch."]

THE WEED AND THE FLOWER.

A Domestic Opera.

LAURA.

It's really provoking, you will go on smoking,
The smell's never out of these curtains of ours,
And the money, good lack, O! you spend in tobacco
Would buy me such loves, dearest Henry, of flowers.

HENRY.

My dear, you are joking, I can't give up smoking,
Without it, I should not be able to do;
And as for the flora, you talk of, dear Laura,
Believe me, I care for no flower, love, but you.

Laura: It's really provoking;
Henry: My love, you are joking;
Laura and } You will go on } smoking;
Henry: } I can't give up }
Both: What is one to do?
Laura: I might have such roses;
Henry: Some folks have fine noses;
Laura and } And marriage } suppose
Henry: } A husband }
Both: Compliance a due.

HENRY.

My child, leave off crying, I meant not denying
One innocent pleasure that sweetly beguiles,
Accept this small cheque, love, and hasten to deck, love,
Your tables with flowers, and your features with smiles.

LAURA.

O Henry, my darling, forgive my slight snarling,
You're really too good to me, Henry, by far;
But now my behavior shall merit your favor,
Do let your own Laurakins light your cigar.

BOTH.

In future united we'll live, and delighted
To please one another by words and by deeds,
And often, shall Henry's gift flowers be requited
By Laura's presenting her darling with weeds.

Dramatic Feuilleton.

Dust and Ashes.

I am afraid that you, Effendi of the Piazza, are not as reverent as you are venerable. I much fear that you very often fail to hear the voice of the muezzin from the minaret, and that you miss one if not all the diurnal prostrations towards the East, prescribed for all true believers. I am afraid that you are not so constant at Vespers as is the Brightest and the Best, and that when there you put up never an Ave nor a Pater for the Subscriber.

I am afraid, in point of fact, that it will be news to you when I tell you that it is Lent!

Were you in Paris you could not mistake it. There would have been Mardi-Gras and the Bal Masqué at the Opera; and débardeurs, and Dianas from the Quartier Breda; and Calypsos from the Closérie des Lilas; and bad champagne and worse filets Chateaubriands; and a headache and a matter of an hundred francs out of your pocket, when you intended only to spend twenty-five, and so on. Dost remember, Effendi, the charming description of the Carnival in "Beppo"? It may be absurd; but I adhere to Byron above all the new lights. The Brightest and the Best likewise leans lovingly to the poet-peer, and her copy of his works, which she had in the convent, is covered with the killed and wounded,—for be it known that the American demoiselle begins to flirt long before she is emancipated from short frocks. The Youths may say I'm absurd and old fogy. True. They are clever,—that adolescent crew over whose fair temples career the rosy-fingered Hours, weaving the first garlands of sweet success; they know a great deal, but there are some-things, Effendi, that you and I know which they don't know, and one of them is the value of old things, old books, old wine, old friends. So I adhere to Byron, 'see' Byron in point of fact; and to prove it, ask you to quote this out of the poem I have referred to:

> "Tis known, at least it should be, that throughout
> All countries of the Catholic persuasion,
> Some weeks before Shrove Tuesday comes about,
> The people take their fill of recreation,
> And buy repentance ere they grow devout,
> However high their rank or low their station,
> With fiddling, feasting, dancing, drinking, masquing,
> And other things which may be had for asking."

I have taken up all this time to tell you what even Burkhardt, who is not noted for his talent at condensation, would have put in half a minute and half a line, thus:

It is Lent. Lent marks a division in the theatrical season. In all strictly Catholic countries they shut up the Opera in Lent. I don't include France among the Catholic countries, for L. N. isn't a bit better than a heathen.

It didn't use to be so in the good old times when Louis Quinze was king, when there was a Dubarry and a Petit Trianon, and when men wore silk coats and honiton, and went out three times a week regularly to keep their wrists in play. Then the Opera was rigorously closed in Lent. Then all the prime ladies exiled themselves to the Convent of the Capucines from Mardi-Gras to Easter-Monday, and went though an immense amount of moral and religious blue-pill. How magnificently they must have sung the *Miséréres*. What wouldn't Archbishop Hughes give for such a choir, when he gets his new Cathedral done!

But we have changed all that.

We have no more Chevaliers, no more Kings, no more Dubarrys. We are good and virtuous. We have aldermen who always wear new hats, and the Mayor goes to 'meeting' twice every Sunday. I am good, too, and read the Sunday papers religiously. If that isn't penance, I don't understand the meaning of the word.

What am I coming at? Never mind. You shall see presently.

I am looking at the beginning of Lent from a theatrical point of view. It is the half-way house in the season,—the station which marks the top of the tide which flows between September and June. If a play is produced in January and runs up to the first of March comfortably, it may be set down for another four or six weeks. Peoria and Attakapas begin to come to town now, as one may see by the Saint Nihcolas Hotel porch. It is quite true that Attakapas is a little riled, and has sworn a big oath that he will take his cayenne pepper and cocktails in some place other than Manhattan, but he can't keep away. If New York were really a foreign city, in government I mean, Attakapas would like it much better, and spend more money in it. As it is, however, he does pretty well. He must keep cool, and if he feel his angry passions rising, let him walk as far as Union Square, and gaze upon the statue of the Father of his country, the Academy of Music, and the Unitary Home.

During the next forty days, then, we shall have dusty times in the theatres.

At Keene's, *Effie Deans* will continue to frantically ask to be permitted to go 'to her feyther' every night, every night, every night; and at Wallack's the *Poor Young Man* will not cease to make his terrific gymnastic sacrifice for the hand of his Anna Maria. "Bless him!" remarked the veritable Pearl of Manhattan, "how good "he is! I don't know any one who would do that for "me."

I think she was right.

The Opera goes off to Peoria, after next week. Early in April, l'on dit there will be a Maratsek-season at the Winter Garden, with the new prima donna Fabri, who has just arrived from South America. Fabri, I am assured, is a good article. No fabrication about her. They say she has all the passion and intensity and tragic power of the Cortesi school, and her execution is equal to that of the most exquisite singers of cantabile operas. Cortesi and the tenor, Musiani, will not arrive till April.

Le Chauve may give us something new at the Winter Garden. There are half a dozen very clever English burlesques which have never been done here, and in which Mrs. Wood could shine. Without Wood I really don't know what we should do.

As it is, we can manage to get along until the mi-carême, when things may look brighter.

Gottschalk.

I am very glad to hear that Maretzek has engaged Gottschalk, who has had a great success in Havana. His return to Manhattan will bring joy to the hearts of all the Anna Marias, and carry grief to all the pianists who, so far as popularity goes, at least, cannot stand against him.

Operatic.

Nothing new yet in Irving Place. Gazzaniga was to sing in Sappho last week, but an irrepressible row broke out between Brignoli and the managers, and the tenor refused to appear. Sappho always was an unfortunate young woman, and threw herself off from the top of a high rock because the object of her affections fell in love with the contralto, a good-looking young woman, whereas Sappho was only clever and 'literary, not mercantile,' wrote for the *Ledger*, and so on.

Patti has sung *Lucia*, the *Puritani*, and *Sonnambula*, over again. Her voice improves in volume, and she shows signs of marked dramatic talent. On Monday they did a chorus by Muzio, in honor of Garibaldi. There was the Italian play, supported by Major Susini; there was Gazzaniga, so full of patriotism that I was afraid she would sing the top of her head off; there was Brignoli, glowing with love of country, in Elvino's bob-tailed jacket and abbreviated trowsers, all the choristers shouting away as if for dear life.

The chorus was pretty good, but I suspect Muzio, who is young, single, and not bad looking, of some improper intimacy with a young lady from Germany named *Martha*. Muzio is certainly on such familiar terms with her, that her proprietor, Herr von Flotow, would be justified in asking him his intentions, or going after him with a shot-gun. It is the most desperate flirtation, except one or two, that I have seen lately.

Martha will be at the Academy in person next week. Patti does her, of course. Then we shall see what we shall see.

Theatre Francais.

M. Feuillet's *Poor Young Man* has been the grand success of the season at the French Theatre. On Thursday the second representation attracted a very large audience, in which the American element predominated. The Gaul, curiously enough, refuses to sustain his own theatre. Art is, to him, good; money is better. So the theatre languishes unless there is some special attraction for the American savage.

Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre had an excellent distribution. Voici!

M. F. MANNSTEIN remplira le rôle de......Maxime Odiot
" JUIGNET celui de......Laubépin
" BERTRAND......Bévallan
" BARRY......G. de Lussac
" LORET......Alain
" EDGARD......Champlain
" ALPHONSE......Desmarets
" [illegible]......Laroque
" LEON......Vauberger
" CHARLES }
" GASTON }......2 domestiques
Mme. LAURETTI remplira le rôle de......Marguerite
Mme. ADOLPHE celui de......Mme. Laroque
Mlle. DUPONT......Mlle. Helouin
Mme. CECILE......Aubry
Mlle. ANTOINETTE......Christine
Mme. TALLOT......Mme. Vauberger
Une jeune fille......Mlle. Ines

I wish you to print the whole cast, because every part was artistically acted, and the performance therefore a very fine one.

When you see Mr. Lester Wallack's *Poor Young Man*, you go away from the theatre remembering only that you have seen the young man go up to the top of a tower for the purpose of jumping down again. At the French theatre, you see a capital play charmingly rendered, and tastefully decorated. All this in a house which has only been kept open by the most heroic efforts on the part of the manager, who has succeeded, without great outlay, in mounting the piece as well as it is done at Wallack's, and without making any fuss about it.

The great charm about the French play, however, lies in the exact balance of the characters. In the English version, the parts are cut, trimmed, altered, and worked over.

While this is all well for the interests of the theatre, and while it redounds to the glory and profit of the manager, one can't help thinking, in seeing the French play, that in the English version it has been terribly slaughtered. The character of M. Bévallan is a case in point. Mr. Wallack destroys his individuality, and makes him little more than a stick. At the French theatre he is as important as the hero himself, and is presented as a broad full type of character which forms the strongest contrast with the idiosyncrasies of *Maxime*. Bertrand was admirable in Bévallan. He was a sort of French Chevalier Wikoff, always about, always saying something clever, always keeping things going, and taking reverses or successes with the light, easy philosophy of a true man of the world.

Mannstein's *Maxime* was a careful, well-studied, and altogether excellent performance. He acted the part with elegant and refreshing simplicity. I wish some of our actors knew the meaning of that word. The French ladies did not have so much advantage over their Wallack sisters in appearance as in manner,—that delightful manner which no one but a French woman has, and which comes to them all, high and low, by intuition. The female characters in the French play are somewhat altered in the English version, Mrs. Vernon's being cut down, and Miss Gannon's written up.

I have written much more than I intended about the *Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre*.

I might have summed it all up in a simple sentence, and told you the next time it appeared in the French bills to do it, if only as a matter of curiosity.

W. G.

Thalia has come back to the Winter Garden, and has gathered about her throne a goodly number of her admirers. In other words, Mrs. John Wood, one of the very few actresses in this country who has an individuality and a speciality of her own, has returned to town, and although she has not yet appeared in any new piece, has attracted very large, and constantly-increasing audiences. On Thursday, not a seat was to be had in the theatre after the performance commenced.

I shall not bore you with any remarks about the fine old antiques such as *The Governor's Wife, An Object of Interest*, and *Jenny Lind*, in which Mrs. Wood has acted. Where in the world such things come from I can't imagine. *The Governor's Wife* I remember as an old play the very first time I attempted to dye my tender and budding moustache. Let me tell you, that is not yesterday. In *Jenny Lind*, Mrs. Wood's imitations of the larks and linnets of Irving Place are capital. That of Lagrange is the only good musical imitation that I remember to have ever heard. Of course the town is delighted with Mrs. Wood, and she, I suppose, reciprocates the feeling.

Personne.

[For the Saturday Press.]

PICKINGS.

Of late I have heard very much said on the subject of temperance. My mind has therefore been led to dwell upon it. And after considerable thought, I find that I cannot agree with the generally-received signification of this term. I eschew it altogether in its narrow signification of total abstinence from the use of all intoxicating liquors, because I conceive every profession that tends to narrow the sentiments, or to bind the freedom of action, debasing to man as an intellectual being. I do not consider a man who finds it necessary to confine himself by oath or promise within a certain sphere of action a fair type of humanity. Therefore I do not approve of a doctrine preached or of a society formed to aid in a cause that has for its members men who generally are intellectually weak. I think any society whose laws require from each member an oath before becoming such, bad, because they endanger a man's honor—which at best is very brittle, and composed of such non-adhesive substances as to be, when broken, difficult to mend.

The teetotaler I do not regard as a temperate man, nor can I respect him. For I see in him either an absurdly prejudiced mind, or one too weak to withstand temptations that beset us each day of our lives. Of the moral sin of drunkenness I do not wish to speak, for it is a fact too well known to require substantiation from my weak pen, that no more miserable conscience-stricken wretch walks God's earth than the inebriate. Point him out—recite his history—and you give the strongest moral lesson. To my mind, the word temperance does not refer any more to drink than to any other verb in the English language. Here may be a man who never touches liquor, but who is killing himself with tobacco; he is not therefore temperate in the use of the weed. There may be another who tastes no wine, but has an insatiable thirst for gaming; he certainly is intemperate in the use of dice. And here still another who uses no alcoholic stimulants, but is a spendthrift and runs in debt; he, most assuredly, is intemperate in his use of money. In fact, any one who allows desire to depose reason, is intemperate;—not necessarily, of course, an inebriate. A truly temperate man is one who enjoys all God's gifts rationally. There is nothing in the world bad until it is abused. Everything by which we are surrounded was intended for our comfort and enjoyment, but can be perverted; and alcoholic drinks are among the number.

There can be no doubt that inebriety is greatly on the increase in our country. Whether you look at the halls of Congress in Washington City, the State Legislatures, or at private domestic circles, the worst violations of duty may be safely attributed to intemperance. The amount of misery brought upon American society by this one low vice is incalculable; but the instances we see among the educated, or intellectual, chiefly induce the present remarks.

A clear-sighted writer on our political economy has the following: "The State of New York is busy tinkering at her Liquor-law. It is the old story—you patch up one hole and make a new one. To me it appears clear that both here and in England temperance legislation is on a wrong scent, and must try back for a better principle. The upper classes entirely mistake their calling when they attempt to force virtue on their inferiors. The true business of the higher classes, the intellectual, is, to set a good example to their inferiors, and let their improved morals filtrate slowly down to the lower strata of society. The law has no business with *sin*; it has only to do with crime."

The point I would reach is this vile practice in the cultivated man—he that professes to be a gentleman and desires to be treated as such—he who should, therefore, be an example to inferiors around him, and to whom he claims the privilege of giving precepts. I know of lamentable cases of young men, gifted with esprit, and fortunate in their positions, who, but for intemperate habits, might be the delight of their friends, and eventually become blessings to those with whom they come in contact. It is to you, young men, that I would particularly speak. Not morally, for I doubt not, there are among you, those who can read me good lessons on the duties of life. I bring the subject to one business-like question,—Are you pursuing the course that will be most likely to place the crown of success upon your efforts?

No man can be successful in life without the confidence and respect of the community in which he lives! Have you either? R. W. F.

[From Le Follet.]

FASHIONS FOR SPRING.

At this season of the year we are sure that a lengthened description of dresses suitable for ball and evening toilette, will be useful to our readers. Some of them, from the lightness of the material, and the combination of flowers, tulle, etc., may almost be called fairy-like. One we will describe. It was composed of white tulle bouillonnée. At the lower part of the skirt it had three skirts of double tulle, each caught up by ribbons of white taffetas, embroidered with bouquets of flowers, producing a fresh and charming effect. Nine bouquets of flowers were placed at the end of these ribbons, no two alike. The body was in the same style as the skirt. Upon each shoulder a bouquet of flowers formed an epaulette.

Home dress may be made either very simple or very elegant; but in either case there is one requisite, which is the Zouave jacket. For plain dress it may be made of cloth or cachemire of a dark color. Cloth is preferable, particularly brown cloth. These are frequently trimmed with gold braid; but as cloth is not an article of luxury, we would recommend our readers to substitute for this untasteful ornament, a rich black braid, which is far more distingué. The lining should be a dark-colored silk. With cloth jackets, the chemisettes are of cambric, in narrow tucks, plain, or mixed with rows of insertion. Small collar; the Empress cravat; and undersleeves to match the chemisette. A silk or satin shirt may be worn; but the only trimmings allowable are large buttons, or flat bows with steel buckles. Many elegants prefer them made of velvet, trimmed with gold, and lined with light-colored silk; and some wear them of light-blue or purple cashmere, almost covered with gold embroidery; but this is neither in good taste nor elegant. Rely on our advice, and be contented with a velvet jacket; but if you must use gold lace let it be sparingly. The chemisette for this jacket should be of plaited muslin, trimmed with black and white guipure and bouillonnes, in which is inserted a ribbon to match the rest of the toilette. The skirt of moire, emerald green, violet, or brown, trimmed with rounds of velvet, trimmed with guipure, or wide bands of violet placed à la Italienne. This is a dress both elegant and distingué.

There is not much change in the style of bonnet, since we wrote last month. They are still worn larger, and have generally some black in the trimmings.

A novel wreath for dinner-dress was made with a bunch of small moss-rose buds on the middle of the forehead, mixed with pansies of light and deep shades of violet; then on each side a plant of dark and light colored green velvet reaching a short distance, and followed by bunches of violets in green satin; again the plait of velvet, followed this time by a bouquet to match that in front. The wreath is finished by a continuation of the plait, fastened together at the back of the head by a bow of velvet ribbon the same shades as the flowers. This fancy will not be found to be devoid of elegance, and far from unbecoming, when placed on light hair.

— L'homme qui aime sans se faire aimer ne saurait être plaint, et n'a pas le droit de se plaindre.

— It is definitively announced that Messrs. Blackwood have in press, and will publish in March, a new story by the author of "Adam Bede," entitled "The Mill on the Floss," "Floss," or "Flosche," being (according to the Provincial Glossary) Yorkshire for "the channel that receives the waste water from the mill-pond."

— A letter from Insbruck, in Tyrol, says that on the 20th of February, the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Andrew Hofer, the hero of Tyrol, a biographical history of his descendants is to be issued. Two of his grandsons died in the Austrian service—both officers—the elder at Goito, in 1848, the younger at Magenta, in 1859. Three other grandsons are yet living, one at Salsburg, whose wife is an Englishwoman.

— Messrs. Routledge, London, are publishing a cheap monthly issue of the "Spectator." It will be completed, they anticipate, in about twenty-one fortnightly sixpenny parts.

BOOKS, ETC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS OF D. Appleton & Co., 346 & 348 Broadway.

Doctor Oldham at Greystones, AND HIS TALK THERE.

1 vol., 12mo......$1.

Through its pages there is the glow of Summer sunshine, and the murmur of Summer winds.—*Saturday Press.*

Revolutions in English History. By ROBERT VAUGHAN, D.D.

Vol. 1. Revolutions of Race......Price $2.

It is at once a narrative and disquisition, learned, genteel, critical, and also picturesque.—*London Athenæum.*

Chambers' Encyclopædia: A DICTIONARY OF UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE FOR THE PEOPLE. Part XI. Price 15 cents. Each part contains 64 closely printed double-column pages, and is illustrated with Woodcuts. *** Sent free by mail on receipt of price.

JUST PUBLISHED! THE **ATLANTIC MONTHLY** FOR **March, 1860.**

CONTENTS:

The French Character; The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties; "Implora Pace;" The Progress of the Electric Telegraph; Love and Self-Love; To the Muse; Screw Propulsion; White Mice; For Christie's Sake; The Nursery Blarney Stone; The Professor's Story; Is the Religious Want of the Age Met?

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.—Ludwig van Beethoven; Leben und Schaffen; Reminiscences of Rufus Choate, the Great American Advocate; A History of the Whig Party; The West Indies and the Spanish Main; The Public Life of Captain John Brown; Poems, by Sidney Dobell; A Good Fight, and other Tales; The Undergraduate.

Recent American Publications.

TERMS.—Single numbers, 25 cents. Three Dollars per year, postage paid to any part of the United States.

CLUBS.—Two copies, Five Dollars; Five copies, Ten Dollars; Eleven copies, Twenty Dollars—the subscribers paying their own Postage, viz: 36 cents per year.

Clergymen, Teachers, and Postmasters will receive the Magazine at $2 per year, as heretofore.

Subscriptions may commence with any number; and as all the numbers are stereotyped, back numbers can always be furnished.

All orders should be addressed to

TICKNOR & FIELDS, Publishers, No. 135 Washington street, Boston.

DODD & NEVINS, AGENTS FOR ALL BOOKS, MAGAZINES, AND NEWSPAPERS, Published in the United States and Europe, AND DEALERS IN STATIONERY, Sun Building, 80 Nassau street, one door from Fulton, New York.

BOOKS, ETC.

WORCESTER'S NEW **Royal Quarto Dictionary**

Can be obtained in New York only from the agent of Messrs. HICKLING, SWAN & BREWER, at Room No. 4 Appleton's Building, where the COMPLETE WORK, in the various styles of binding, may be seen. Copies delivered on payment of subscription price—$7 50. The price of the Library Edition will be raised, when the distribution of copies to regular subscribers shall have been completed.

J. F. BAILEY, Agent. Messrs. HICKLING, SWAN & BREWER, Boston.

Just Published: **SOUTH AND NORTH;** Or, Impressions Received During a Trip to Cuba and the South. By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

1 Vol. 12mo., 352 pages......Price 75 cents.

FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

*** The Trade will find it for their interest to send their orders direct to ABBEY & ABBOTT, Publishers, 119 Nassau street (up-stairs), N. Y.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT TO BOTH SEXES,—MARRIED AND SINGLE, IN HEALTH OR DISEASE. DR. LARMONT'S PARIS, LONDON, AND NEW YORK MEDICAL ADVISER AND MARRIAGE GUIDE, 38th edition. Over 400 pages, 12mo., cloth; about 300 electrotyped engravings. Price $1, mailed, and sold also by H. G. LAWRENCE, No. 1 Vesey street, Astor House.

Among the contents is the anatomy of the sexual organs of the male and female, all their diseases and weaknesses; latest discoveries in reproduction. European Hospital practice; quacks (advertisers), their receipts and specifics; the author's unequalled Paris and London treatment. At No. 647 Broadway, up-stairs, three blocks above St. Nicholas Hotel, New York, from 9 A.M., to 5 P.M., Tuesday and Thursday evenings from 7 till 9 o'clock.

We concur with other papers in recommending Dr. Larmont and his work. *Courier des Etats Unis, German Die Reform, N. Y. Dispatch, Staats Zeitung, National Democrat, Bose Standard, Railway Advocate, Police Gazette, New Brunswick Times, Mercury, Atlas, &c.*

MISS PARDOE'S NEW WORK. W. I. POOLEY & CO., Harper's Building, Franklin square, New York, Have Just Published, From the author's Proof-sheets, **A LIFE STRUGGLE.** BY MISS PARDOE, Author of "Louis XIV., and the Court of France in the Seventeenth Century," and "Adopted Heir."

1 vol. 12mo......Price, $1 25.

It is likely to attract and reward a good many readers.—*Observer.*

Miss Pardoe has produced that pleasant and careful kind of work, which her talents have given the world the right to expect of her.—*Literary Gazette.*

A novel equal to any that has hitherto emanated from her pen.—*Post.*

For sale by all Booksellers.

☞ Sent by mail (free) on receipt of the price.

FINE ARTS.

New Statues:

"DANCING JENNEY," Statue, By Crawford.
"EVE," " By Angelini.
"DEAD PEARL DIVER, " By P. Akers.
"HAWTHORNE," " By Miss Landon.
"FISHER GIRL," " By Barbee.
"EVANGELINE," Bust, By Miss Landon.

Added to the DUSSELDORF GALLERY, 548 Broadway.

Open day and evening. Admission 25 cents.

ROSSITER'S Three Great Scriptural Paintings, **JEREMIAH, NOAH, MIRIAM.** Corner of Broadway and Ninth street, over Goupil's Gallery. Open day and evening. Admission 25 cents.

WILL SHORTLY CLOSE, The Exhibition of the Beautiful Model of **KING SOLOMON'S TEMPLE,** (Size 35 by 24 feet),

Already seen by 20,000 people in New York, at Ninth street, one door [illegible] Broadway. Lecture every evening, at 8 o'clock.

Admittance 25 cents. Children 12 cents.

☞ Dr. John P. Durbin, the distinguished traveller, will lecture here on Tuesday next the 28th.

Admission Free. **HALL'S PICTURES, Now at the Academy of Design.** Tenth street, near Broadway. Open day and evening.

GOUPIL & CO. (M. KNOEDLER, Successor.) **ARY SCHEFFER'S** AND **Delaroche's Works,** In Photograph, just received. 772 BROADWAY, corner of 9th street, N. Y.

A GREAT WORK OF ART, BY CRAWFORD. **"DANCING JENNY."**

Now on Exhibition at the Dusseldorf Gallery. Also, Barbee's *FISHER GIRL*, and Acker's *DEAD PEARL DIVER*.

Admission 25 cents. Open day and Evening. 548 Broadway.

A Stereoscope and One Dozen Views for $1.

THE UNION STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY Has just received a large supply of STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS and CASES, of the latest improvements; Views of Harper's Ferry, Mount Vernon, The Wedding, etc., at less than half the usual price No. 375 Broadway (up-stairs), near White st., New York.

Barney's Opera Perfume, Dedicated to MLLE. ADELINA PATTI.

A New and Elegant Perfume, exhaling the most delightful and exquisite odors.

As truly fascinating as the beautiful photographic likeness which adorns each bottle.

More than 3,000 bottles were sold in a few days, while this favorite artist was in Boston.

Sold wholesale by J. W. NORCROSS & CO., No. 91 Fulton street. Retailed by CASWELL & MACK; FRANK & CO., No. 875 Broadway; HEGEMAN & CO.; J. & C. CODDINGTON; RUSHTON; G. P. MILNE, Brooklyn, and Druggists generally.

TO relieve suffering has been the object of the humane and philanthropic in all ages: before the practice of medicine became a science, the sick were publicly exposed in the open air, and every passer by named the remedy he considered most suitable for the complaint. We possess at the present day, through the agency of the press, a more reliable mode of conveying information to our suffering fellow creatures. Those afflicted with scrofula, cutaneous and eruptive diseases, will find in the columns of almost every newspaper and periodical published, certificates and testimonials from those who have been speedily cured of these dreadful complaints by the purifying and powerfully regenerative qualities of Sands' Sarsaparilla.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton street, New York. Sold also by Druggists generally.

LOUISVILLE ARTESIAN WATER, CURES ALL DERANGEMENTS OF THE STOMACH, THE LIVER, THE KIDNEYS, THE GLANDS, THE DIGESTION, THE SECRETIONS.

Also, Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel.

☞ It stimulates the Appetite, and gives relief to the Stomach and Head after eating or drinking too freely.

S. T. THOMPSON, *Agent*, 618 Broadway (Up-Stairs), New York.

A Speciality—Gentlemen's Linen.

MRS. VAN HOUTON Invites the attention of all Gentlemen—from Wall street to Central Park—to her unequalled assortment of GENTLEMEN'S LINEN, of all descriptions. In "style," quality, and price, unsurpassed by none in the city.

All Shirts cut by measure, *guaranteed to fit*, and promptly delivered at the time agreed upon.

Collars, Cravats, Gloves, Scarfs, and Ties in endless variety.

Mrs. Van Houton has taken the Medal for the *Best Shirt*, for three years, at the American Institute, New York, also at the World's Fair.

ESTABLISHED TEN YEARS. MRS. VAN HOUTON, 72 Nassau, corner John street, New York. (Formerly 93 Nassau street.)

SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW.—Ive's Patent Sleeve-Buttons and Shirt-Studs; also, Cuff and Collar-Pins for Ladies, and Amulets for Children. They require no buttonholes, do not unfasten, combine great beauty and utility. For sale, wholesale and retail, at the Gold and Silver Watchcase Manufactory of JOHN H. [illegible], No. 60 Vesey street, New York.

AMERICAN WATCHES MADE BY THE **American Watch Company,** AT WALTHAM, MASS.

Attention is invited to the following statement, and the accompanying letters of recommendation and testimonials of these celebrated Watches.

A gold medal was awarded the Company by the Massachusetts Mechanical Association, 1856.

A gold medal was also awarded them by the American Institute, at New York, in 1857.

The Company also received the first premium—a gold medal—from the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, in 1858.

These watches have now been in the market for nearly ten years, during which time they have been tested as to accuracy, durability, and reliability, in every conceivable manner, and have proved themselves to be the most satisfactory time-pieces ever offered to the public.

This result has been brought about by a strict application of mechanical science to the construction of the Watch from its very inception, rendering it, when finished, mathematically correct in all its proportions, and, necessarily, as perfect a time-keeper as it is possible to make.

The Company have tested their watches, in many instances, by actual daily noting, and the result of this test has been that they have exhibited a rate equal in regularity to the best Marine Chronometer. The following certificates are from gentlemen who have carried their Watches with them in their daily avocations, and are, therefore, reliable indications of what may be expected from the American Watch when in ordinary active use.

Letter from Paul Morphy, the celebrated Chess Player:

NEW YORK, Oct. 5th, 1859.

MR. R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—The American watch, No. 9240, presented me by the New York Chess-Club, has proved to be a most reliable and accurate time-keeper—almost unnecessarily so for ordinary purposes. It is now nearly five months since it came into my possession, and during that period its variation from standard time has been but a trifle more than half a minute. The following is a record of its performance. It was set June 3d, correctly:

June 15,	fast	4 seconds.	Aug. 15,	fast	18 seconds.
July 1,	"	6 "	Sept. 1,	"	23 "
" 15,	"	10 "	" 15,	"	28 "
Aug. 1,	"	16 "	Oct. 1,	"	32 "

I give you permission to make such use of this statement as you may think proper. I am, with respect, yours truly, PAUL MORPHY.

BOSTON, Sept. 27th, 1859.

MR. R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—It gives me great pleasure to comply with your request for a report of the performance of the American watch I purchased of you Dec. 2d, 1858. It was set on that day, and its variation from true time to the 19th of February, 1859, when I let it run down, was ten seconds fast. From that time to the present, it has run with nearly perfect steadiness, having, during the eight months, remained at from seven to nine seconds fast, and this with uncommonly rough usage. I can commend your manufacture in the highest terms. Yours truly, JAMES H. CLAPP, Firm of Clapp, Fuller & Brown, Bankers, Boston.

The following is from Mr. Porter, the well-known Marine Chronometer and Watchmaker:

BOSTON, Sept. 28th, 1859.

MR. R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—I have sold during the last year a considerable number of watches of the Waltham manufacture, and am happy to say that all of them, without exception, have fulfilled my guaranty, and have given satisfaction to the purchasers. GEORGE E. PORTER.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 27th, 1859.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—I have, at the suggestion of a number of persons, made a thorough examination of the plan of construction adopted by your Company in the manufacture of watches, and have no hesitation in pronouncing it to be simple, scientific, and eminently practical. It would be very remarkable if any single watch made on this plan should fail to be an accurately performing time-keeper. I would about as soon expect to see the sun make a baulk, as to see one of your American Watches do so. Very respectfully, NORMAN WIARD, Mechanical Engineer and practical Machinist.

BOSTON, August 20th, 1859.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—The "Waltham," which I purchased some six months since, has given entire satisfaction. Its time has been fully equal to that of a "Frodsham," which I owned more than a year. Truly yours, ALBERT METCALF, 65 Franklin street.

Book Room, 200 Mulberry street, NEW YORK, Oct. 5th, 1859.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—I take great pleasure in being able to certify that for the last six months I have carried a watch from the manufactory of the American Watch Company, and that it has given perfect satisfaction as a time-keeper. Judging from the one I have, I do not hesitate to predict that the day is not far distant when watches made in the United States will supersede all others. JAMES FLOY, D.D.

BOSTON, Aug. 9th, 1859.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—I take pleasure in stating that the American Watch I have of your manufacture, performs to my entire satisfaction, running regularly at the rate of thirty seconds fast per month. Capt. GORHAM H. BASSETT.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—The watch I bought of you—one of your adjusted Chro. Bal. movements—runs to my entire satisfaction. For the past three months it has not varied more than one minute, and is now running at that rate. It has seen the hardest service in every way in point of locomotion. Yours truly, C. C. SHEAFE.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Sept. 27th.

R. E. ROBBINS, Esq.;

DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 23d was duly received. In reply I would say, that the American watch No. 6939, has proved itself one of the best watches for railway purposes.

The American watch, in my opinion, is far better than any watch I have used for the last fourteen years on railroads.

I remain, respectfully yours, G. A. FULLER, Conductor N. H., H. & S. R. R.

P. S.—I would refer you to Mr. Douglass, of N. Y. & N. H. R. R. He has had several of your watches, and is very much pleased with them.

NEWTONVILLE, Aug. 20th, 1859.

R. B. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—The American Watch that I purchased of you about a year since, runs with great exactness; its variations being so slight that I have not found it necessary to set it for several months. Yours truly, WILLIAM B. SPEAR.

NEW YORK, Oct. 4th, 1859.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co., Waltham, Mass.;

DEAR SIR:—The American Watch, No. 5976, I have carried during the past eighteen months, has fully sustained my high anticipations in regard to its performance—as have those worn by several of my friends during the same period. I can heartily recommend these watches as possessing, in an eminent degree, the qualities of excellent time-keepers. Yours truly, H. L. STUART.

De Bow's *Review*, in speaking of the American Watches, says: "These watches are equal to any other manufactured in this country or in Europe. The fact is established by the accurate performance of their time-keepers, which is considered almost unparalleled, equalling the best marine chronometers. "More than 17,000 American Watches are now in use, and the manufacturers allege that they have heard not more than half-a-dozen complaints, arising chiefly from accidental derangement or misusage of the works."

ROBBINS & APPLETON, GENERAL AGENTS, No. 188 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

AMUSEMENTS.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

NOTICE.—The season positively closes on WEDNESDAY, February 29th, after which the company leaves for Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington.

On SATURDAY (To Day), Grand Combination and Farewell MATINEE. All the three Prime Donne will appear: MISS PATTI, GAZZANIGA, COLSON.

This, the most powerful attraction ever offered, will comprise the entire Opera of LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR, the fourth act of LA FAVORITA, and the second act of DER FREYSCHUTZ.

SUNDAY EVENING, February 26—Admission 50 cents. Grand Sacred Performance of IL POLIUTO.

The great success of the Oratorio given on Sunday, has induced the Directors to give another performance on SUNDAY, Feb. 26. When will be performed Donizetti's IL POLIUTO. COLSON, STIGELLI, AMODIO, MULLER, QUINTO, FULL CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA.

Admission, 50 cents; Amphitheatre, 25 cents.

On MONDAY—MARTHA. Miss PATTI will make her first appearance as Martha, in which character she will make her debut in London in the Spring.

NIBLO'S SALOON.

GEO. CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS.

CHANGE OF PROGRAMME. GEO. CHRISTY'S Great and Special Acts.

Mr. G. BIDAUX, F. WILLMARTH, and M. LEWIS, with a Powerful Company.

Mr. W. ARLINGTON in his great, original, special act of the *LOUISA ANNA FLING.*

ETHIOPIAN MINSTRELSY, in all its shades and phases. Doors open at 6¾—to commence at 7¾. Tickets 25 cents.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MRS. WADHAM Takes pleasure in announcing to her friends and the public that she has opened a LADIES' HAIR DRESSING AND Hair Dyeing Boudoir, AT 861 Broadway, third door above Seventeenth st.

MRS. WADHAM'S establishment will be conducted on a different plan from any heretofore adopted in this city.

Female artistes will be employed exclusively, and everything that taste and refinement can suggest will be brought into requisition, in order to render her rooms a favorite resort for ladies requiring the services of a coiffeuse.

Particular attention given to the arrangement of bridal veils. Private rooms for hair dyeing.

Ladies attended at their own residences when preferred.

Hair Washes, Pomades, Perfumery, Toilet, and Fancy Articles, etc., etc., specially selected for Ladies' use, constantly on hand.

*** MRS. WADHAM is permitted to refer to some of the FIRST LADIES in this city.

THE Brilliancy of WHITE'S Hats is the leading topic among the most Fashionable Gents. Sold only at 216 Broadway. None other Genuine. WHITE, 216 Broadway, Opposite St. Paul's church.

THE OVAL PIANOFORTES, THE MOST GRACEFUL IN FORM, AND THE **Best-Toned Horizontal Piano in the World.**

THE DRIGGS PIANO COMPANY, By greatly extending their facilities of manufacture and improvements in their machinery, are prepared to receive advance orders for these *GRACEFUL AND ELEGANT INSTRUMENTS*.

The demand has heretofore been far beyond our ability to supply, and, for most of the time during the last year, we have not had an instrument of this peculiar style to exhibit.

This is the original shape of **The Driggs' Patent, or Violin Piano,** and it closely approximates, not only in the principles of its construction, but in its shape, to the Violin—"*the most perfect, because the most responsive instrument, in the world.*"

The case is a vibratory shell, free from all strain of the strings, and the oval shape retains more perfectly the vibratory circles, sustaining the tones with wonderful purity, and making the instrument more responsive and perfect.

Warerooms, 543 Broadway, between Spring and Prince. S. B. DRIGGS, Inventor and Patentee.

Weddings, Parties, and Evening Entertainments furnished with every Luxury and Delicacy desired of Confectionery, Boned Turkeys, Capons, Game, Plain and Fancy Ices, Jellies, Preserved and Brandied Fruits, French Mottoes, Bon bons, Ornamented Pyramids of Confectionery, or of Natural Flowers, Bride's Cakes, handsomely ornamented. We furnish to all parts of the country Music, Waiters, Cooks, China, Glass, Silver, etc., at the shortest notice, and moderate terms.

WAGNER & McCULLOUGH. BARMORE & McCULLOUGH, Successors. Old stand, 760 Broadway, between Eighth and Ninth streets. Branch at 922 Broadway, corner of Twenty first street.

JAMES A. CLARK, Merchant Tailor, NO. 742 BROADWAY, (SECOND DOOR BELOW ASTOR PLACE,) NEW YORK. **Your Patronage Solicited.**

Beebe's Kitchen Ranges. The most complete cooking apparatus in use. They are durable, economical in the consumption of fuel, and sure bakers. Put up and warranted by JAMES, FOWLER, KIRTLAND & CO., Late James, Beebe & Co., 356 Broadway.

DEFIANCE SALAMANDER SAFES.

ROBERT M. PATRICK, SOLE MANUFACTURER OF THE ABOVE CELEBRATED SAFES AND PATENT POWDER-PROOF DEFIANCE LOCKS AND CROSS-BARS.

—ALSO—

Fire and Burglar Proof Side-Board and Parlor Safes, for Silver Plate, etc.

Depot 63 Murray Street, Corner College Place, New York. Manufactory, Nos. 60, 62, 64, and 66 Cannon street, NEW YORK.

BAKER & GODWIN, BOOK, JOB, AND CARD PRINTERS, Printing House Square, Corner of Nassau and Spruce streets, *NEW YORK.*

Every description of PRINTING, from a Card to a Book, Executed at this Office, all in the neatest manner, at the lowest Cash Prices. ☞ ORDERS from every part of the country respectfully solicited.

GO TO PFAFF'S! AT PFAFF'S RESTAURANT and LAGER BIER SALOON, No. 647 Broadway, New York, YOU WILL FIND THE BEST VIANDS, THE BEST LAGER BIER, THE BEST COFFEE AND TEA, THE BEST WINES AND LIQUORS, THE BEST HAVANA CIGARS. —IN FINE— THE BEST OF EVERYTHING, AT MODERATE PRICES.

N. B.—You will also find at PFAFF'S the best German, French, Italian, English, and American papers.

TOMES, SON & MELVAIN, No. 6 Maiden Lane, N. Y., Importers and dealers in JEWELRY, FANCY GOODS, PLATED WARE, BRONZES, CUTLERY, GUNS, BRUSHES, PERFUMERY & SOAPS, MEERSCHAUM PIPES, LATAKIA TOBACCO, etc., etc.

Cabinet-Makers and Decorators of First Class Furniture. **POTTIER & STYMUS'S** (LATE B. E. ROCHEFORT'S,) Warerooms, **No. 623 Broadway, up stairs.**

Designs of Cabinet Furniture, Mirror-Frames, etc., for Dwellings, Banks, and Offices, furnished without extra charge, and all orders attended to under our own supervision, our knowledge of the business being practical. AUGUST POTTIER, W. P. STYMUS.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT MEDICAL AND PHYSIOLOGICAL WORK, which should be read, as it imparts knowledge never before published. It contains over 400 pages, and nearly 100 engravings. Price $1 mailed, and sold by H. G. LAWRENCE, No 1 Vesey St, Astor House.

[From "The Queen's Domain, and other Poems. By Wm. Winter."]

LOUISE.

Pale she was as a lily leaf,
My poor Louise!
And we knew, from the calm of her saintly eyes,
And the gentle tone of her sweet replies,
And her kindness, that flooded the heart with surprise,
That her bosom was laden with secret grief—
Deeply hidden, beyond relief—
My poor Louise!

Ever the same from morn till night,
Pensive and mild!
In her gentle ways there was nothing of art,
And her kindness, it was of the breaking heart,
Or that which is broken quite.
Sometimes her dark blue eyes grew dim
And dreamy with excess of pain,
And tears seemed rising to their brim—
And then her sorrow ebbed again:
And so she smiled—
A smile delirious, ghastly, wild—
My poor Louise!

A thing she was of perfect grace,
Of angel beauty in form and face—
My poor Louise!
Soft, golden hair in many a curl
Shaded a sweet brow, pure as pearl,
And tell in an airy, graceful flow
On the delicate bosom, white as snow.
Of poor Louise!
Her lips in a beauteous curve of pain
Were bent and formed to a pretty pout;
And in her eyes the smile was vain
To hide the sorrow looking out;
But we never heard
A murmuring word,
And though we saw in those eyes so fair
That same sweet smile,
Yet all the while
We knew that death was lurking there.

At sunset of an August day
Her sad eyes closed, and tranquilly
She breathed her sweet young life away—
My poor Louise!
That heart no longer to and fro
Beat with the heavy throb of woe;
Nor did those tender eyes, as once,
Give to it joyless utterance;
But all was hushed and still.
Her features calm in perfect rest;
The marble stillness of her breast,
On which her thin white hands did lie
Crossed and folded peacefully;
The flowers, with hues of beauty warm,
Strewn on the pall that wrapped her form;
The last fond kiss—'twill never fly
Thy solemn haunts, O memory!
The forms around in sable dress;
The mournful tone;
And then the sense of dreariness,
And being all alone;—
Ah, how these phantoms haunt me yet!
These, these I never can forget,
Nor poor Louise.

[For The Saturday Press.]

Verdict, "Temporary Insanity."

It takes a man of good constitution at least ten years to be thoroughly baked in the plains of India. A considerable number of Europeans are burnt to a cinder at a much earlier period, because Nature has indifferently supplied them with the resisting sap, or they have assisted in its premature exhaustion by too copious an application of cigars and brandy and water. Abominating the weed, and looking upon alcohol as a medicine, in more senses than one, it was exactly ten years before Calcutta heat and damp combined, had mastered the Englishman in me. By that time I was 'really done to a turn.'

I had a friend residing in the hills—whether the Himalayas, the Sikkims, or the Neilghenies, is immaterial to the present anecdote. We had not met for years; but just as I had reached the distressing point to which I have referred, he wrote to me. He had anticipated my case. "You must, I am sure," said he, "require a little repairing; take two or three months' leave of absence, come up here, and if we do not 'teach you to drink deep ere you depart,' we will at all events instruct you in the art of procuring a healthy action for your withered liver." I accepted at once the hint and the invitation, and in a week I was on my way to the hills.

Those glorious India hills! It is not only that they rear their heads in a temperature twenty degrees lower than that of the arid and the swampy plains,—it is not alone that they carry the toiling exile away from the counting-house, the custom-house, the publishers, and all other public and private writing and printing offices, leaving him uninterruptedly to the *dolce far niente*. When he reaches their summit, the sympathies of his patriotic heart are at once awakened. He beholds the fruits and the plants and the trees of his native land, and he groweth sentimental accordingly. Are there not the oak and the fir and the beech, the beautiful rhododendron, the homely blackberry, the wild strawberry, the honeysuckle, and the thorn? Yea, there are all these and many more which speak to the heart through the eyes and the nose, and produce yearnings and remembrances and associations, all healthful and suggestive of a thousand good resolutions. If the season be late, and snow clothes the tops of the mountains, another source of joy is yielded; for the cockney of the plains remembers how, in his cool youth, he made snowballs and skated on ponds; and the mental restoration of those innocent pastimes giveth him new life.

My friend, whom we will call Courtney, was very glad to see me; giving me, indeed, receptions at his hospitable *bungalow*, and introducing me to all the residents at the station. Each day some new hygienic pastime was proposed and carried out: to-day a trip to a waterfall, to-morrow a walk to a secluded temple; now a descent into a valley, and anon a gallant climbing to the top of a neighboring mountain. Courtney was the *arbiter elegantiarum* of the station. No one so rationally gay, so tasteful and so inventive. He had literally taught the inhabitants how to amuse themselves. I was soon renovated, and again at my wonted drudgery at Calcutta.

A year elapsed, and Courtney, induced by the temptations of a good salary, came down to the City of Palaces to fill the office of secretary to some association for the public good in general, and the advantage of certain shareholders in particular. He made a most exemplary secretary. He had not lost his spirits with the change in his residence. He was at once gay and grave; assiduous in business, cheerful in society.

There came an actress to Calcutta, a handsome, showy woman, who had delighted thousands in a less refined community. She offered her services to the manager of the theatre, and though he distrusted her capability of satisfying the exigencies of a polished circle, he consented to give her "an appearance," as the phrase goes.

Courtney made the acquaintance of the lady soon after her arrival, and he conceived for her a very warm attachment. He and the manager were friends, and the début of the lady was a matter of interest to both—the one because he wished the success of a person who had made so deep an impression upon him; the other because he was desirous of adding to the slender *personnel* of his amateur dramatic establishment. It may be mentioned here that when Calcutta had a theatre the ladies were paid professionals; the gentlemen were amateurs with very rare exceptions.

The night arrived for the debut of the lady. I forget what she played, but I remember going with Courtney to witness the performance. He was in excellent spirits. The lady played with ease and animation, and her success was greater than the manager and common report had given reason to expect. After the play, Courtney left the theatre, the lady having still to appear in the farce. I remained until all was over, and then returned home.

I had scarcely seated myself at supper with some friends, not more than an hour having elapsed since I had seen Courtney, when a note was brought to my house. It was from the Deputy Superintendent of Police. It ran thus:

SIR—Pray come to the Club. Your friend Mr. Courtney has just committed suicide. Yours,
J. McCurdy.

My consternation may be imagined—my bewilderment was great. Without losing a moment, however, I ordered my horse and rode to the Club. What a scene presented itself! In his bathing-room sat what remained of Courtney. He had rested his head against the forefinger of his left hand, his left elbow supported by the arm of the chair, and with a pocket-pistol in his right, he had blown out his brains. The upper half, or hemisphere, of the skull—if I may use the word—was lifted off like the lid of a box, and hung suspended by a slight membrane—his brains bespattered the wall. True to his fine sense of gentlemanlike propriety and love of order, Courtney, on returning home, had deliberately taken off his coat, waistcoat, and neckcloth, and replacing them with his morning-gown, had walked into the bathroom, evidently as the place least calculated to be injured or defaced by the immediate consequences of the explosion, and had there put a period to his existence.

After giving some directions for the diffusion of chloride of lime, to preserve as far as possible the purity of the room until the Coroner had made his visitation, I began to inquire of the servants of the Club if they could form any conjecture as to the cause of the act just perpetrated. They answered by pointing to the table in Courtney's sitting-room, on which lay three letters—one addressed to his medical adviser—the second to the Coroner—the third to myself. Each had evidently been written before he went to the theatre, for two of them were long, and all three had been sealed with deliberation. The one to the medical gentleman merely contained a cheque, and a grateful acknowledgment of kind attentions; the one to myself stated the motives for the suicide—simply, the want of moral courage to face a possible vexation; while the letter to the Coroner entreated that he would direct a verdict of *felo de se*, for in the first place a verdict of "*Insanity*" would be at variance with evidence, and secondly, it would transmit a lasting injury to the suicide's children. "Every singular act," wrote the feeling and anxious father, "that either of my poor boys may hereafter commit, will be set down to the account of his insanity. My last deed, maturely pondered, and committed while reason has full sway, will be cited as a proof that madness runs in the family. Let my boys be spared the imputation of hereditary lunacy."

The Coroner's Jury sat upon the body. The witnesses all proved that everything which Courtney had done since they had known him was coherent and rational. He had no debts. His accounts as Secretary were correct to a rupee. There was not a shadow of a shade of a reason for supposing that his crime was not premeditated. Yet it required all the skill the coroner possessed, and all the earnest entreaty which friendship could dictate, to prevent the astute jury from coming to any other verdict than "temporary insanity." In their anxiety to gloze over the crime, they were willing to forget the wrong they would be doing the family. "There is something," said an honest old gentleman who had read a great deal about stakes and cross-roads—"something very shocking in *felo de se*. I can't think any man can be in his right senses when he does away with himself. And then to be buried like a dog!" However, the posthumous prayer of the poor deceased, and the charge and entreaty, at length prevailed, and the Jury, sore against its will, and under something like a persuasion that it was doing very wrong, returned the proper verdict. And didn't the local press attack them for their stupidity? The old argument was thrown in their teeth. The act of suicide is in itself so monstrously absurd that no man can be in his senses at the time he commits it. Ergo, no man can be in his senses when he calmly puts his house in order preparatory to the committal of the act. Yet the entire demeanor of Courtney falsified this supposition. He dreaded the return of his wife to India. She had gone home sick and at issue with him; they had separated for some time; she was now returning, at the instance of friends, to attempt a reconciliation. She would soon arrive, and would find her husband in the bonds of a new liaison. He could not endure a discovery that would place him in a false position. Appalled at the prospect, he appealed to the pistol.

Some years after this, I returned to England, and was engaged in business which took me into the midland counties. One day I went from Birmingham to Liverpool. I had but one companion in the carriage—a large man of about fifty years of age. We soon fell into conversation, and as he could converse of many things of which I was ignorant, every word he uttered had its value. He was at once fluent and well-informed, and appeared to possess the reasoning faculty in a very remarkable degree. We spoke of agriculture and manufactures, the leading men in the House of Commons, literature, and the arts; and from what dropped from him regarding the latter (he had, he said, a real Correggio which cost him a thousand pounds, and was, moreover, decorating a billiard-room with frescoes), I guessed that he was one of the many men of property who have created their own positions. The names of Hudson, Cubitt, Peto, Chaplin, Grissell, etc., all flitted across my brain, but I knew he was none of these, though of their order. Well, at the end of the journey, we had got on so well that he wished me to sup with him at the Adelphi Hotel, to which we immediately repaired. He asked for letters as soon as he arrived, and I observed that one of them gave him great uneasiness. Indeed he could scarcely eat, and once or twice was subdued by strong emotions. I begged of him to use no ceremony with me, and urged his going to bed. He declined this, as he said he was sure he should not sleep; and opening a conversation on general topics, he took up a newspaper which contained an account of some poor man having shot himself in a fit of jealousy, and asked my opinion about suicide. Of course I had but one opinion in reference to its sinfulness and its folly. He defended it, and believed it to be the only remedy for a great moral hurt. I re-urged the objections, and drew my best illustration from Shakespeare's "Better to bear the ills we have," etc. At length my new friend bade me good night, gave me his card, ordered a carriage, and left for his own house a few miles distant.

The next morning a gentleman drove up to the hotel in his gig, and asked if anybody was there who had come down from London the previous day with Mr. H., of Copstone Priory. I was pointed out. The new arrival begged to see me alone. "Allow me," he said, "to ask if you spoke much or at all with my lamented friend H., on your journey yesterday?"

"*Lamented* friend?"

"Yes—this morning he was found in his room with his throat cut—a clear case of suicide."

I mentioned all that had taken place; even to the conversation upon self-murder.

"Very strange,—very unaccountable. Have you any objection to accompany me to the Priory? Will your time allow of it? We might want you at the inquest."

The affair astonished and interested me so much that I made it my business to put aside all other matters and go with him.

When we got to the Priory, everybody was in a state of great excitement—the house was, however, closed, and a policeman stood at the gate to bar intruders. Ascending to the bedroom, after being introduced to the distracted wife and daughter, I saw Mr. H., who but a few hours previously was a fine model of English manliness and intelligence, stretched a corpse in his armchair near the bed, the razor on the ground as it had fallen from his hand. After a few words of lamentation and conjecture, we began to look about the room for letters, as I had mentioned his receipt of what seemed to distress him. Upon a chair, nearly concealed by the large window-curtains, lay a box, and upon it within an envelope a scrap of paper with the words, "open this first." Doctor P. obeyed the injunction, and we there found a packet on which was inscribed, "Read this first." The Doctor did so, and handed the paper to me. It ran thus:

It is now 5 A. M. I came to bed at midnight. For five hours I have been a prey to the most intense mental anguish. Yesterday no man was happier. The sun shone on me and my fortunes. Arrived at Liverpool, I received letters from America: one of them (it is within) announces that Stanley (his eldest son) has committed forgery and awaits his trial. The case seems clear; my agent holds out no hope of acquittal. Could I ever hold up my head again in society after this frightful blow? Earth, life—all that earth holds and makes life dear—are become useless, intolerable, insupportable. My resolution is fixed. I go to meet my Maker in full reliance on the Redemption. Heaven have mercy on me when I come to be judged! If I live, reason must sink beneath the present shock. Poor Stanley!

The other papers in the box were his will, a policy of assurance, on which he had written, "Not to be claimed, my family do not need it," two or three farewell letters to private friends, and a note to the Coroner, assuring him of his perfect self-possession at the moment of his self-destruction.

I awaited the Inquest. Nothing could be more clearly established than the *felo de se*, and the jury brought in a verdict of "Temporary Insanity."

Two years subsequently, a gentleman of fortune wished to marry the daughter of the deceased. He had recently arrived from Havana, and was unacquainted with the history of the family. Accident, however, led him to discover the manner of Mr. H.'s death, and under the advice of his friends, he at once declined the marriage. "There was madness in the family." What might not be the fate of his wife and children? He shuddered at the contemplation. The lady remains a spinster to this hour.

J. H. SIDDONS.

[For The Saturday Press.]

A WINTER SUNRISE.

BY JOSEPH BARBER.

Up through the gray—drowning the starry host
In the red deluge of its spreading waves—
Flows the auroral tide; and shapes of cloud
That wandered, ghost-like, through the cold blue night,
Wear on their cheeks the life-bloom of the dawn.
Snow-crested peaks, where, scarce an hour ago,
The star-light shimmered—and the tent-like firs,
Draped with the silver fringe-work of the storm,
Have caught the rosy glory. On the plain,
The drifted ridges, winnows of the blast,
Are touched with flame; and see! in yonder glen,
Upon its front the silenced waterfall
Wears the same hues that arched its Summer spray.

OUR MUSICAL FRIEND.

"OUR MUSICAL FRIEND," a rare Companion for the Winter Months.

Every Pianist, Every Singer, Every Teacher, Every Pupil, Every Amateur, | Should procure this weekly Publication of Vocal and Pianoforte Music, costing but 10 CENTS a number, and pronounced

By the entire Press of the Country, to be
"THE BEST AND CHEAPEST WORK OF THE KIND IN THE WORLD."

Twelve full-sized Pages of Vocal and Pianoforte Music FOR 10 CENTS.

Yearly $5; Half-yearly, $2 50; Quarterly, $1 25.

Subscribe to "Our Musical Friend," or order it from the nearest Newsdealer, and you will have Music enough for your entire family, and at insignificant cost; and if you want Music for the Flute, Violin, Cornet, Clarionet, Accordion, etc., etc., subscribe to the

SOLO MELODIST,

Containing 12 pages, costing only
10 Cents a number; Yearly, $2 50; Half-yearly, $1 25.

All the Back Numbers at 10 cents, and Bound Volumes, containing 17 Numbers, at $2 50 each, constantly on hand.

C. B. SEYMOUR & CO.,
107 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

VANITY FAIR,
A NEW ILLUSTRATED
Humorous and Satirical Journal.

The time having arrived when a publication of this sort, employing the BEST LITERARY AND ARTISTIC TALENT IN AMERICA, is imperatively demanded by the people, the undersigned has endeavored to satisfy that demand in the most complete and agreeable manner.

To this end, he has engaged writers and artists of the highest order of talent to combine in producing the most refined, witty, sarcastic—if need be—and altogether readable

WEEKLY JOURNAL OF HUMOR

Ever published in this country.

VANITY FAIR

is the organ of no party or section, but assumes a fearless position with regard to all parties, cliques, societies, and classes, in both Church and State.

DEFENDING THE RIGHT,
AND
ASSAILING THE WRONG,

wherever they may be found, without reference to the tender spots of any person or persons.

Its aim is to interest and amuse the public, while conveying sharp sermons and pungent lessons, on all sorts of topics, to all sorts of people.

VANITY FAIR

is for sale by all Newsmen, and at the Office of Publication, No. 113 Nassau street, New York.
Price Six Cents.

FRANK J. THOMPSON,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

New and Superb Collection
OF VOCAL AND PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

"OUR MUSICAL FRIEND,"
THE PIONEER OF CHEAP MUSIC IN AMERICA.
VOLUMES I., II., and III. NOW READY.
624 Pages of Popular Music,
COMPRISING

20 Pianoforte Arrangements of all the principal Melodies from the most popular Operas.

100 POPULAR SONGS, with English and German Text.
14 BALLADS.
2 ARIAS.
2 OLD ENGLISH TUNES.
3 MELODIES.
1 SONG WITHOUT WORDS.
8 QUADRILLES, (Lancers, Irish, Young America, etc.)
11 POLKAS.
8 MARCHES.
8 WALTZES.
7 SCHOTTISCHES.
5 REDOWAS.
4 POLKA MAZURKAS.
2 VARSOVIANAS.
9 GALLOPS.
1 BARCAROLE.
1 MINUET.
9 NATIONAL DANCES.
1 ESMERALDA.
1 GRAND FANTASIE ON NATIONAL AIRS.
1 ROMANZETTA.
1 RONDOLETTO.

And 20 Pieces of a Miscellaneous character, such as Fantasies, Variations, making in all, 217 Complete Musical Works, 624 Pages,

Beautifully Bound in Cloth, Gilt Cases. Price $2 50 per Vol.

For sale at every Bookstore and News Depot, and at the office, No. 107 Nassau street, New York.

C. B. SEYMOUR & Co.

N. B.—The Trade supplied at the usual rate.

BEAUTIFUL,
ELEGANT,
DELIGHTFUL.

Elegant! Elegant! Elegant!

THE HAIR! THE HAIR! THE HAIR!
A New Discovery!
SOFT FRENCH TALLOW!

Try it! Try it! Try it!
There is nothing out like it,
For Beautifying, Pulling, Curling,
Dressing, Softening, Smoothing, Glossing,
Laying and Setting the Hair.
Imparts a Silky Gloss and Softness,
And at the same time a stiffness.
As you dress the Hair so it remains.
Subdues the most obstinate Hair.
Try it, and then judge.
Makes glossy Curls.
It's the beau ideal of the Toilet.
A perfect Gem! A perfect Gem!
For Ladies' and Childrens' use.
THE NE PLUS ULTRA OF THE DAY,
For the Beauty, Fashion, and Respectability.
The Toilet—the Toilet—the Toilet!
Makes the Hair beautiful.
It's a first-class article,
For first-class times.
Delightful—Delightful—Delightful!
If it don't please, money refunded.
It should be in every Family.
It's the best preparation
For the Hair, for the Hair,
In the World.
In the World.
In the World.
In the World.
In the World.
In the World.
In the World.

Mrs. ISABEL SCIPLE. Depot 429 Broadway, New York. Price, 50 cents per box.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

C. C. MERCHANT & CO.,
DEALERS IN
SILKS, SHAWLS, LINENS, SHEETINGS, TABLE LINENS, BLANKETS, QUILTS, etc. SHADES, CORDS, TASSELS, etc.
BROCATELLES, SATIN DE LAINES, LACE and MUSLIN CURTAINS, GILT CORNICES, ETC.
440 Broadway, between Howard and Grand sts.

The New York Saturday Press,

A JOURNAL OF THE TIMES.
is published
EVERY SATURDAY MORNING
AT
No. 9 Spruce street, N. Y.

Price $2 a-year.

BRANCH OFFICE,
AT ROGER'S BOOKSTORE, NO. 827 BROADWAY, where Subscriptions, Communications, Advertisements, etc., will be received.

HENRY CLAPP, Jr., ROBERT W. PEARSALL, } Proprietors.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS:

From the New York Daily Times.

The SATURDAY PRESS is the ablest of the literary weeklies, and almost the only one which possesses any very salient peculiarities of character and tone.

From Dwight's Journal of Music.

The N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS is one of the liveliest and sauciest of our exchanges.

From the Columbia (S. C.) Courant.

The SATURDAY PRESS is very well edited, and is unquestionably, as a literary journal, a very able one.

From the Burlington Times.

We remain of opinion that the SATURDAY PRESS is the ablest edited and most entertaining weekly paper in New York.

From the Providence Journal.

The most attractive journal for literary men and book-collectors which has fallen under our notice is the N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS.

From the Boston Recorder.

We know of no literary journal, either in this country or in England, which, on the whole, we should prefer to it; and we heartily commend it to all who desire to keep themselves acquainted with the issues of the American and English press, and other current matters in literature.

From the Boston Congregationalist.

We have been much pleased with the N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS, which strikes us as being the spiciest, frankest, and truest in its criticisms upon literature of any journal out. It contains the completest printed list of new books, and books in press.

From the N. Y. Sunday Courier.

The SATURDAY PRESS contains wit enough, and good writing enough to entitle it to a hearty support from all the cultivated and right-thinking classes.

From the N. Y. Traveller.

The SATURDAY PRESS is one of the best weekly papers we have seen. It is of great value to all those who wish to keep au courant of all the new books.

From the N. Y. Leader.

A spirited embodiment of literary Bohemianism.

From the Xenia News.

The sauciest and most piquant of our literary weeklies.

From the N. Y. Sunday Times.

It is edited with much sprightliness and ability. Its dramatic feuilleton is particularly lively. Altogether, we hold the SATURDAY PRESS and its specialities as a real addition to the best newspaper literature of the day.

From the N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

The N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS—a paper always distinguished for its independence and originality.

From the Scranton Republican.

It conducted with great sprightliness and vigor. Its editors are evidently men who do their own thinking, and give independent criticism on passing events and current literature. It is especially valuable to the literary man and the bookseller, by reason of its publication of the weekly issues of the leading publishing houses in the country.

From the Springfield (Ohio) Journal.

The N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS—the sharpest paper on the Continent.

From the Ohio State Journal.

When you take up the SATURDAY PRESS, if you are so fortunate as to be a subscriber to that paper, you seldom lay it down again till you have read the last word. It is the best of papers.

From the Schenectady Daily News.

A paper that cannot be hired to puff what it thinks worthless. The N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS is a valuable antidote to the twaddle of New York weekly paperdom.

From the West Troy Democrat.

The SATURDAY PRESS, is one of the most independent, out-spoken journals it was ever our pleasure to read. The PRESS gives the only complete list of new publications, foreign and home, anywhere to be found. It is therefore invaluable to those desiring to keep themselves posted in literary matters.

From the New York Day Book.

We believe everybody, unless he is a sham and a charlatan, likes this spirited, outspoken sheet. The individuals excepted hold it in holy horror; for the manner it pitches into nonsense of all kinds in its sharp, sententious, Frenchy way, is as refreshing to the pure-minded and virtuous, as it is distasteful to the humbugs.

From the Springfield (Ohio) News and Journal.

The sharpest paper in the country.

From the Boston Commercial Bulletin.

The SATURDAY PRESS is mainly devoted to current Literary News, Belles Lettres, the Fine Arts, etc., and is one of the best journals of the kind ever published in this country.

From the New York Correspondent of the Boston Courier.

THE SATURDAY PRESS, to which I have before made allusion, though hardly to be called *comic*, is nevertheless the most witty and intellectually vigorous weekly we have ever had in this city. Its columns always contain a score or more of original jokes, which would startle one into a laugh, or make him cry "good," even at his own funeral.

From the Philadelphia Press.

We are moved by no consideration save genuine merit to commend to the searchers after a good weekly paper, THE SATURDAY PRESS, published in New York by Henry Clapp, Jr. It is really the first attempt in this country at a pure, decent, uninfluenced literary journal, and is free from the nauseating traits of the majority of the weeklies. The criticisms of affairs in the artistic and social realm are intelligent, and always hit straight; the bon mots outsparkle the best things of *Punch*; and a feature alone worthy the subscription is the weekly Book-List, accurately prepared.

From the New York Traveller.

THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS, the sprightliest, raciest, frankest, sauciest, sharpest, wittiest, most piquant, original, outspoken, and sententious American literary weekly.

From the Sunbeam (Batavia).

We esteem it the best journal of its class that is published in America. Its articles are piquant and spicy, and evince not only a high order of talent, but genius on the part of its editor and regular contributors.

From the Fulton County Democrat.

THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS is the best and most independent literary paper in the State, with the single exception of the *Home Journal*, which has no particular claims to independence. THE PRESS has all the wit and none of the stupidity of the London *Punch*.

From the Yonkers Herald.

We believe no one who has once bought and read THE SATURDAY PRESS, will be without it afterwards—that is, if he is in any place where it can be obtained.

From the New Haven Palladium.

This literary weekly, now in its second year, we consider one of the ablest purely literary papers published in the United States. It contains each week a Book-List of from one to two columns, embracing all works, American and foreign, just out or to be issued; an admirable chess-column; the best original and selected tales and sketches; spicy and interesting correspondence; a full resume of the week's literary and art intelligence; a very piquant dramatic feuilleton, etc., besides bold and independent editorials upon all prominent topics of the day from the pen of the talented editor. To the literary man, the scholar, the man of business—in fact, to all classes of intelligent readers—this paper just fills a want never before met.

From the New York Dispatch.

We want our readers distinctly to understand that THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS is the most saucy, clever, independent, and piquant literary weekly now or ever published anywhere. It is just a little over a year old, and has most ably struggled through the obstacles which always attend the weaning of new publications in the newspaper line. For our own part, we are free to confess that we take up no paper with more eagerness, and peruse none of all our exchange list, which is over large, with half as much satisfaction as THE SATURDAY PRESS. Nay, we would willingly pay fifty cents a copy rather than do without it, and the subscription-price is only $2 per annum. THE SATURDAY PRESS cannot be induced by money or patronage to puff anybody or anything not deserving free favorable mention, and is as free and independent as it is witty, sprightly, and just in all matters of art, literature, and social questions. It is the paper for intelligent and independent people.

From the Claremont Courier.

THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS is one of the sharpest and wittiest literary papers in the country. If you want a paper that has some originality about it, subscribe for THE SATURDAY PRESS.

From the Bergen County Journal.

A sparkling, racy sheet, which under its present vigorous management, seems destined to meet with the success it deserves.

From the Hartford Courant.

A vigorous, original, lively, and independent literary weekly. It is distinguished above any paper in the United States for its fresh and accurate literary intelligence, the independence and vigor of its leading articles, the choiceness of its miscellaneous matter, and, especially, for its complete weekly List of New Books and Books in Press. To the scholar, the literary man, and the man of taste, in all matters of art and literature, we consider this paper almost a necessity.

From the Schenectady News.

THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS is a paper we add to our exchange list with great pleasure, and hope it will be sent to us regularly. As we want THE SATURDAY PRESS for our own reading, we hope Mr. Clapp will see that his clerk puts the *News* on his regular list. THE SATURDAY PRESS hates indiscriminate puffing as bad as we do, and is doing more for high art and letters than any ten papers in the Union.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin.

The raciest and most independent of all the weeklies.

From the Boston Transcript.

It is one of the live weekly journals of the country, and we observe that the English literary journals make copious extracts from it.

From the Boston Courier.

A paper which seems to sparkle with new brightness at each appearance.

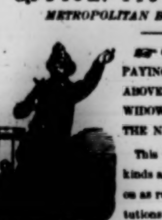
HENRY CLAPP, Jr., ROBERT W. PEARSALL, } Proprietors,
No. 9 Spruce street, New York.

INSURANCE.

THE FIREMEN'S
Fund Insurance Company
OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital, $150,000.

OFFICE, 110 BROADWAY,
METROPOLITAN BANK BUILDING.



ORGANIZED ON THE PLAN OF PAYING ONE-HALF OF THE PROFITS ABOVE SEVEN PER CENT. TO THE WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT.

This Company insures Property of all kinds against Loss or Damage by Fire, on as reasonable terms as similar Institutions.

NATHAN B. GRAHAM, President.
HENRY BEEKMAN, Secretary.
ROBT. H. McMILLAN, Ass't Sec'y.
WM. TRAVIS, Surveyor.

COMMONWEALTH
Fire Insurance Company,
Office, No. 6 Wall Street, New York,
HAS A
CASH CAPITAL OF $250,000,
WITH A SURPLUS SAFELY INVESTED IN BOND AND MORTGAGE

DIRECTORS:
JOSEPH HOXIE, *President.*

Hugh Maxwell, John J. Crane, Richard Irvin, George Bulkley, Joseph Stuart, Henry Stokes, Silas Davis, B. F. Wardwell, Henry Camerden, Jr., Francis Skiddy, Sam'l L. Mitchell, Dudley B. Fuller, Wm. James Todd, George T. Cobb, Robert T. Haws, F. C. Havemeyer, William K. Collis, J. P. Robinson, Moses Taylor, Charles H. Marshall, William J. Butler, A. C. Kingsland, R. Burkhalter, Wm. R. Kirkland, Chas. Chamberlain, Robert T. Wilde, Rodolph Staudinger, Wm. B. Nichols, Oscar Varet.

GEORGE T. HAWS, *Secretary.*
A. H. DOUGHTY, *Surveyor.*
N. B. HOXIE, *Attorney and Counsellor.*

THE BROOKLYN
Fire Insurance Company.
CHARTERED 1824.

OFFICE 16 Merchants Exchange, NEW YORK.	OFFICE 11 COURT, Cor. of Remsen street, BROOKLYN.

CASH CAPITAL	$153,000 00
SURPLUS	107,641 72
ASSETS	$260,641 72

Dividends---JANUARY and JULY.

WILLIAM F. LEGGETT, Secretary. WILLIAM ELLSWORTH, President.
CHARLES BURKHALTER, Vice President.
GEORGE ALGER, ROBERT C. BELL, } Surveyors.

THE
Manhattan Fire Insurance Co.,
(INCORPORATED, 1821.)
Office No. 68 Wall Street.
CAPITAL, $250,000.

Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, Vessels in Port and their Cargoes, and other property, against Loss or Damage by Fire.

DIRECTORS:

W. P. Palmer, Rufus L. Lord, William F. Mott, Edwin D. Morgan, William W. Fox, Richard Tighe, Peter Cooper, Thomas Barron, Robt. B. Minturn, Moses Taylor, Thos. W. Pearsall, Henry Elsworth, Augustus H. Ward, James Colles, Sydney Mason, L. S. Suarez, John Caswell, John Steward, John C. Green, Eben. B. Crocker.

WILLIAM PITT PALMER, *President.*
ANDREW J. SMITH, *Secretary.*

THE HARMONY
Fire and Marine Insurance Company
Having removed to
50 Wall Street,
Continue the business of Insurance as heretofore, on the most liberal terms.

WM. CALLENDER, President.
R. O. GLOVER, Secretary.

CITY
Fire Insurance Company,
No. 61 Wall street.

This Company, with a Cash Capital of $210,000, with a surplus of over $100,000, insures against loss or damage by fire, on favorable terms.

DIRECTORS:

George S. Fox, Josiah Macy, William H. Falls, Joseph W. Corlies, John D. Wright, Peter S. Titus, Thomas C. Chardavoyne, Ralph Mead, Richard Field, Irad Hawley, Richard F. Carman, Henry B. Barrow, Hull Clark, William C. White, John J. Walker, Charles H. Marshall, Thomas W. Pearsall, William H. Macy, Leonardo S. Suarez, John Penfold, Samuel Raynor.

GEORGE S. FOX, *President.*
SAMUEL TOWNSEND, *Secretary.*

The Gebhard Fire Insurance Company.
OFFICES:
19 NASSAU STREET, AND
BULLS-HEAD BANK BUILDING,
Corner East 25th street and 3d avenue.

CASH CAPITAL - - - $200,000

DIRECTORS.

William D. Waddington, President.
Frederick Schuchardt, Adrian Iselin, Edward Jones, Robert Lenox Kennedy, Edward Burckhardt, James W. Beekman, N. W. Stuyvesant, Charles De Rham, A. McL. Agnew, William Bloodgood, William F. Cary, Jr., George A. Robbins, Samuel L. Mitchill, Jr., David Jones, Jaques Guedin, J. P. Giraud Foster, Edward Cooper, E. Von der Heydt, S. M. Beckley, James S. Wadsworth, Cornelius Du Bois, William Schall, George Griswold, Jr., Martin Zabriskie, Franklin H. Delano, Hamilton Blydenburgh, Josiah H. Burton, R. L. Schieffelin.

WILLIAM D. WADDINGTON, President.
JOHN R. SMITH, Secretary.

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
NEW ENGLAND LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
OF BOSTON,

Have just declared a DIVIDEND ON PREMIUMS paid and earned the last five years, payable in cash to all the policy holders, as follows:—

36 per cent. to all members since 1853.
38 " " " 1848.
39½ " " " 1843.

The Dividend is declared on the following basis:

Accumulated fund, Dec. 1, 1858,		$1,395,622 21
Reservation for reinsurance at the tabular rate,	$880,262 21	
Estimated deterioration of lives otherwise than by difference of age,	88,000 00	
Estimate of losses not heard from,	20,090 00	
Contingencies of investments, 5 per cent. on the amount of property of the Company,	69,781 00	
Reserve for small bills not presented, and charges accruing at agencies on business not yet matured,	1,816 00	
Amount of surplus for distribution,	335,763 00	$1,395,622 12

This is the oldest American Mutual Life Insurance Company, and one of the most successful, and is purely Mutual, dividing all the surplus profits in cash, among all the Insured.

Insurance may be effected for the benefit of married women, beyond the reach of their husbands' creditors. Creditors may insure the lives of debtors.

Last report and other publications and information respecting the advantages of life insurance, furnished gratis at the Branch Office, Metropolitan Bank Building, No. 110 Broadway, New York city.

JOHN HOPPER,
Agent and Attorney for the Company.

INSURANCE.

EMPIRE CITY
Fire Insurance Company,
Office, No. 54 Wall street.

CAPITAL $200,000.
WITH A LARGE SURPLUS.

In addition to the Insurance of Buildings, Merchandise, &c., this Company pays particular attention to the Insurance of
RENTS AND LEASES.

LINDLEY MURRAY, President
W. A. BURTIS, Jr., Secretary.

THE
Metropolitan Fire Insurance Co.,
108 BROADWAY,
CORNER PINE STREET.

CASH CAPITAL - - - - $300,000.

This Company, having a Cash Capital exceeded by those of only four other Companies, continues to insure all kinds of Personal Property, Buildings, Ships in port and their cargoes, on terms as low as are consistent with the security of the insurers and the insured.

DIRECTORS:
JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, President.

Joseph B. Varnum, Leonard Appleby, Fred. H. Wolcott, William K. Strong, Moses Taylor, James O. Sheldon, Daniel Parish, J. Lorimer Graham, Jr., Gustavus A. Conover, Martin Bates, Jr., Dudley B. Fuller, Paschal W. Turney, Franklin H. Delano, Henry V. Butler, Jos. B. Varnum, Jr., Sam'l D. Bradford, Jr., Bowes R. McIlvaine, Gilbert L. Beekman, John C. Henderson, Lorrain Freeman, Edward Macomber, Watson E. Case, Charles E. Appleby.

EDWARD A. STANSBURY, Secretary
ROBERT C. RATHBONE, Ass't Secretary.

The Resolute Fire Insurance Co.,
No. 3 Nassau street, N. Y.

CASH CAPITAL..............$200,000
WITH A LARGE SURPLUS.

First Dividend to the Assured,
JULY 1st, 1860.

This Company, at the solicitation of its numerous Patrons, and in accordance with the vote of its Directors, and with the assent of its Stockholders, will hereafter

Divide three-quarters of the net Profits to the Assured.

Those doing business with this Company will receive, annually, a large return of their Premiums.

Parties preferring a cash deduction from the Premium at the time of issuing the Policy, are entitled to that privilege.

N. B.—Inland Navigation and Transportation Risks taken at favorable rates.

C. F. UHLHORN, President.
WILLIAM M. RANDELL, Secretary.
D. D. LORD & H. DAY, Counsellors. HIRAM FUNK, Surveyor
New York, July 1st, 1859.

THE NEW FEATURE IN FIRE INSURANCE.

SECURITY INCREASED! COST REDUCED!!

The Market Fire Insurance Company,

is now giving to Parties insuring with it, in addition to the Security of its Cash Capital of
$200,000,
and LARGE SURPLUS, a participation to the extent of
SEVENTY-FIVE PER CENT.
in the net profits of its business, which is set apart as a SCRIP FUND, and held by the Company for the Increased Security of its Policy Holders and Protection of its Capital; and when the accumulations of said Fund shall exceed the sum of
$500,000,
the excess will be applied to redeem the Scrip in the order of its issue. These advantages of
ADDITIONAL SECURITY AND REDUCED COST,
must command for the Company a large portion of the business of all discriminating parties, and make it at the same time, directly to the interests of persons having Policies therein, to induce others also to insure in it, to the mutual benefit of all.

Office, No. 37 Wall street, New York.

BENJ. H. HOWELL, President.
ASHER TAYLOR, Vice-President.
H. P. FREEMAN, Secretary.

The Policies of this Company fully protect Mortgagee's Interests.

JULY, 1859.
The Insured Participate in the Profits,
WITHOUT INCURRING ANY LIABILITY WHATEVER.

Continental Insurance Co.,
CITY OF NEW YORK.
OFFICE NO. 18 WALL STREET.
CASH CAPITAL, - - $500,000

THE attention of the community is respectfully called to the following features, in connection with this Company:

FIRST:—By insuring in this Company, the advantages of a Mutual Insurance Company are obtained, with the additional advantage afforded in the security given by an ample and reliable Cash Capital—a feature not presented by ordinary Mutual Fire Insurance Companies. The dividends to customers, already declared, are as follows:

		Pr. ct.
First Annual Division to Policy Holders, declared	July 9, '57,	75½
Second " " " "	July 8, '58,	50
Third " " " "	July 14, '59,	50

SECOND:—The security given, which is already large, will constantly increase with each year of successful operation. This is exhibited clearly in the following Statement, showing the position of the Company in each year since the new system was adopted:

July, 1856, Net Assets possessed by the Co.,	$570,363 43
" 1857, " " " "	649,719 54
" 1858, " " " "	751,908 52
" 1859, Gross Assets, " "	905,681 84
" Liabilities,	16,514 37

THIRD:—The insured incur no liability whatever, while obtaining these advantages of superior security and cheapness.

FOURTH:—This Company has reserved the right to issue Policies which do not participate in the profits, and such policies will be issued to those who prefer it, at prices as LOW as any COMPANY can insure, and, at the same time, present PERMANENT SECURITY to their customers.

GEORGE T. HOPE, President
H. H. LAMPORT, Secretary. CYRUS PECK, Ass't Secretary.

LOUIS GRAUMANN,
APOTHECARY AND CHEMIST,
698 Broadway.
(N. E. CORNER OF FOURTH STREET.)

GRAUMANN'S CORDIAL,
Elixir of Calisaya Bark.
TONIC, ANTI-FEBRIFUGE, ANTI-DYSPEPTIC.
LOUIS GRAUMANN, 698 Broadway,
N. E. Corner of Fourth street

Chapped Hands, Face, Lips, &c.
CERTAIN CURE.

HEGEMAN & CO.'S Camphor Ice with Glycerine. Cheap, safe, and agreeable. Price 25 cents

HEGEMAN & CO.,
Nos. 161, 399, 511, and 756 Broadway

Sent by mail on receipt of 30 cents.

JOHN S. PIERCE,
Importer and Dealer in
CHOICE FRUITS, WINES, TEAS, ETC.,
685 Broadway,
NEW YORK.

GOURAUD'S ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP. It is well known, cures TAN, PIMPLES, FRECKLES, SALT RHEUM, BARBER'S ITCH, CHAPS, CHAFES, TENDER FLESH, etc., besides being the very best shaving compound ever invented. *GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTLE* uproots hair from low foreheads, upper lips, or any part of the body, safely and quickly, warranted. *LIQUID ROUGE* for pale lips and cheeks. *LILY WHITE* for flushed, red, and heated faces. *HAIR DYE*, instantly converts red, gray, or light hair to a beautiful brown, without staining the skin. *HAIR RESTORATIVE* for the hair to grow, and make stiff, wiry hair soft, glossy, and silky. Found at Dr. GOURAUD's old established depot, No. 67 WALKER STREET, first store from Broadway. Sold by Mrs. HAYES, Brooklyn, and Druggists generally.

PRINTED AT ALLEN'S OFFICE, 9 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK.